# The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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### LOVE'S BELIEF.

I believe if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie
Cold, dead, and dumb to all the word contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath—
And from its exile in the aisles of death
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be—
It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
Of him it ever loved in life so much,
And throb again, warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe if on my grave,
Hidden in woody deeps or by the wave,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
From every salty seed of your dear grief
Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into leaf,
To prove death could not make my love forget.

I believe if I should fade
Into those mystic realms where light is made,
And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth upon the bills of night,
And gather stars like faggots, till thy sight,
Led by their beacon blaze, fell full on me!

I believe my faith in thee,
Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,
It would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his height sublime,
His glory stricken from the throne of Time,
As thee unworthy the worship thou hast won.

I believe who has not loved
Hath half the treasure of his life unproved;
Like one who with the grape within his grasp,
Drops it, with all its crimson juice unpressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe, love, pure, and true,
Is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew
That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk—
The waiting angels see and recognize
The rich Crown Jewel, Love of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered husk.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

I meant to ask the old woman her name, but she forestalled me by imparting it at once as we entered the chamber.

"They do be calling me Madge, here, miss," she said, "though I was christened Margaret by my mother and the priest. Sir Brian has his way, and a body must try to please a body if they can."

"Was it he who gave you the name of Madge?" I asked.

"Jist him," she replied, "and sure thim that has riches an' a high blood, can have their ways; but thim that's poor, must jist do as they're bid and kape aisy."

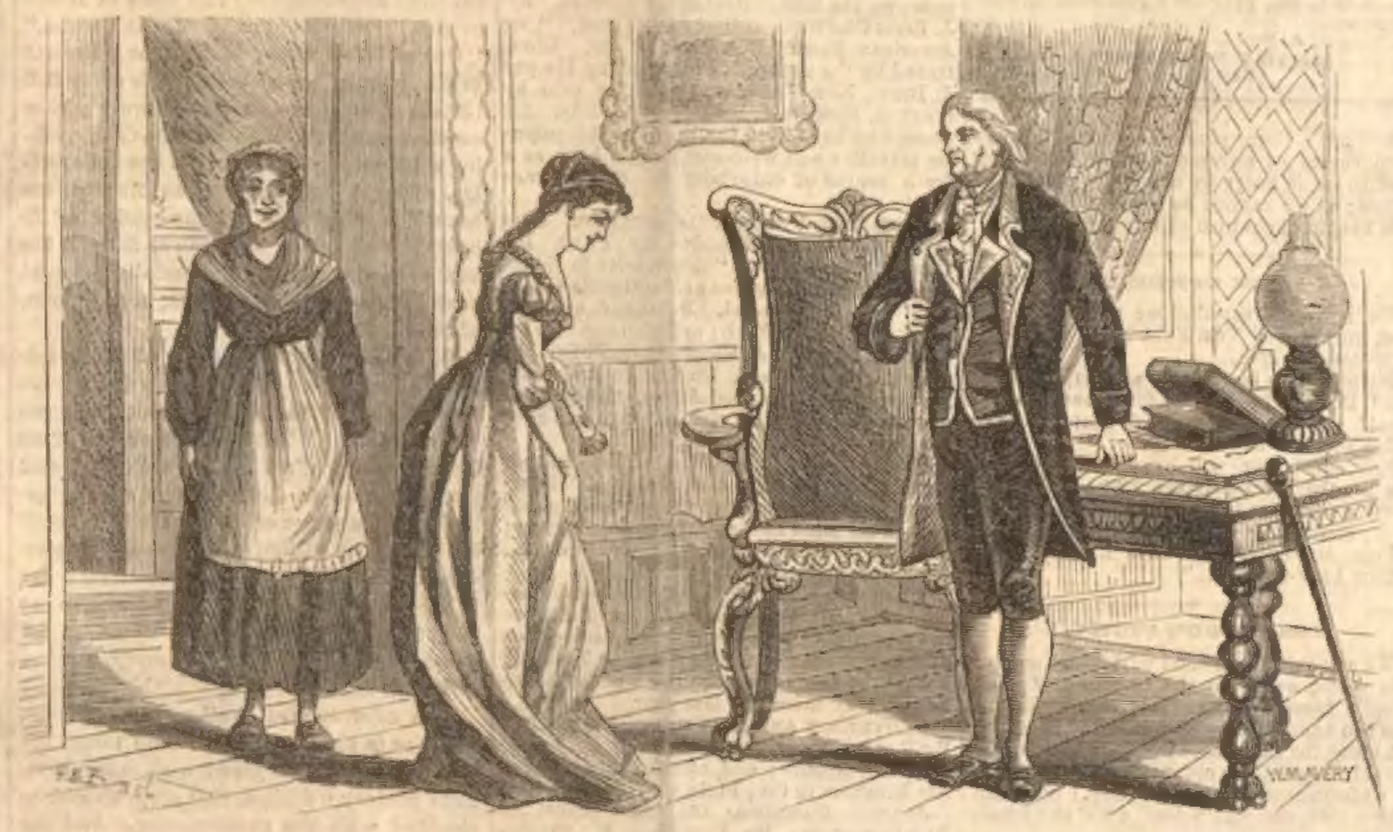
"Sir Brian can have no disagreeable ways, I'm sure of that," I interposed, "he is all goodness and kindness, and every one must love him that comes near him."

"True for ye," cried Madge, approvingly. "Sure that's what I'm telling ye, there's nothing about him but what's becoming to his grand station. I'm not saying what it would seem if the likes of me had his ways."

I scarcely liked this proviso, or the manner in which she looked at me out of the corners of her eyes as she said it, but she was good-natured, and full of ready kindness in waiting on me, and assisting me about my simple dress, meagre at best, but doubly so since I had missed Guy's careful hands about it.

"I'm a great hand at the needle, miss," remarked my new attendant, as she looked at me with some critical misgivings. "I'll soon have you as fine as a duke's daughter; for Sir Brian tould me to go to Dungarvin wid an order to the draper's there, and I'm sure it's all for you."

This was pleasant news—for I really shrank from appearing in my scant and out-grown frock; but when Madge told me it was time to go down, I conquered my shyness, and followed her. We turned, on leaving my room, into another direction from the grand stairway, and descending a different flight, found ourselves in a lower hall before folding doors of dark wood, that opened into a hand-



SIR BRIAN AND HONORA.

some, wainscotted room, larger than Sir Brian's library.

The ceiling was bordered with cornices, carved and gilded, and the walls were adorned in the same way. The furniture was solid and handsome, and all the appointments bespoke a grand hospitality in the past, to which the little party seated at the end of the great table seemed a shrunken remnant to be entertained.

Sir Brian and his brother were already seated, so I went and took my place between them. Behind the master's chair stood the butler, a large, old man, with an air almost as imposing and dignified as Sir Brian's own—a lad was close at hand to wait on him; and Denny Finn wandered round with an appearance of doing something, but never seemed to go beyond the effort.

Mr. Neill Fogarty was a beautiful man. Until I saw him, I never thought it possible that any human face could be so perfect in every feature. There had been an alabaster figure of St. John in the church at Santander, that I thought the most beautiful thing I had ever beheld, but Neill's face was lovelier still. His complexion had a sweet purity about it that seemed like an infant's, but it was colorless, save the thread of red in his curved lips. His eyes were of a deep violet blue, and his hair was a rich, sunny auburn, that clustered in shining waves about his shapely head. He was very many years younger than Sir Brian—and if it had not been for what the servants told me, I should have thought him still younger than he was. His voice was soft and tender, and his eyes were always down-cast when he spoke, for he never looked at you in speaking—young as I was, I remarked that, the moment he rose to meet me.

Sir Brian had said in a voice that was cold and measured in comparison to the gentle tones of his brother.

"This is Honora Herbert, Neill."

It seemed to me, who watched him, that he took a quick breath and his face changed just a shade paler before he answered—but the expression, if it altered at all, returned to its usual sweet calm in an instant, and he said, gently,

"She is very welcome to the Reefs, brother Brian—a dear child, a dear child!"

Caressingly he took one of my brown hands between both his beautiful, soft, white ones, and pressed it tenderly. I don't think I liked him to touch me, for I drew my hand away quickly, though I could not tell why I did it. Then he looked at me, it was only a glance, but not all the sweet, tender light he could condense into his eyes could cover it. It was not one of Father Bertram's searching glances that looked through the one they fell on; it was a quick, eager gleam that flew out suddenly and caught you unawares—that said, "What is it?" and left you no resource but to answer instantly. My eyes returned: "I shall not like you"—so swiftly that I had no idea of harboring the feeling until I found it expressed.

Afterward, Mr. Neill Fogarty was so winning and kind that I even doubted my memory and consciousness. He spoke of the sea, and what I had beheld that was new to me; told about going to France when a boy, with his brother Brian, and was so charming in his simplicity and earnestness to please me, that I laughed for pleasure at hearing how new sights had astonished his young eyes as they did mine. I never had been talked to—no one had made me the object of an expressed thought before. I had spent my life watching and thinking, and this easy genial converse was delightfully new.

I told him about the moonlight nights when the sea met the sky in a rim of silver light, and the vessel sailed on, leaving a wake of pale glory behind her. Then I told him of my fright when I saw a company of soldiers exercising on the plain outside the town we passed, with their gleaming bayonets apparently levelled at us as we whirled by.

He laughed softly at my childish adventures, and encouraged me by his interest to continue. His brother was silent—he looked at neither of us, but ate his dinner as if it were the absorbing idea of his life. By-and-by I feared I had not been deferential enough to him, and felt I had been vain and silly to be carried away by the notice of Neill. So I relapsed into silence, and watched the face I was beginning to love so dearly, for a look of kindness.

Denny told me his master had many strange dislikes; whimsical but dogged antipathies; one of which I was made aware of by-and-by.

"Who were those people at the gate just now?" he asked of Denny.

"Troth, they were a pack of dirty villainous beggars, yer honor; yer honor niver laid eyes on the likes of thim; and I had me hand's full to kape thim out of the garden. Some of thim were for laping the wall, rags and all, to get till the windy where ye could see thim. So I brought thim to their sinces by my remarks: 'Yez may jump over the wall,' ses I, 'but it 'll be a bad job for yez if ye do, for every inch is lined wid man traps that 'll take a leg off nich of yez.' Whin they heard that, they riz a great cry agin yer honor for being a flinty-hearted gintleman, but my discoorse was as convincing as raison itself—and they wint away."

During these remarks, Sir Brian was gradually becoming scarlet with anger; at their conclusion he burst forth in a torrent of wrath—

"Denny Finn," he cried, "you mean, lying rascal, do you stand there calmly and tell me that you sent away starving wretches from a house where at least there is plenty to relieve want! Out of my sight! lest I leave you a monument of my anger! Oh, that I should live to be told the hungry were turned from my doors—and that a man I credited with a Christian soul had done it!"

Denny dextrously retired before his master's threatening voice and hand until he stood safely in the hall, when he thrust his head in at the partially closed door—

"Yer honor," he said, persuasively, from this outpost, "yer honor, wist a bit; sure I forgot to tell you they were all sore-eyed. Yes, yer honor, the maneet kind of running eyes, with red blinkin' lids to thim—and it jist turned me heart to look at thim."

Sir Brian sat down, and the mixed expression of sympathy for the sufferers and anger against Denny's hard-heartedness, died out of his face. In its place came a look of strong aversion, a repugnant shudder passed over him, and he drew a long breath.

"Come in, Denny," he said, mildly. "I was hasty with you. Thinking them to be decent Christians I wondered at your harshness."

Denny availed himself of Sir Brian's altered mood, and sidled in, smiling affably. I was astonished at the plea he offered against his master's accusations, and I followed him with my eyes as he continued his attendance at table. Once I caught him winking, with great meaning, at the man behind Sir Brian's chair.

Just as we left the room Sir Brian said to him in a low tone—

"Throw them a bag of meal and potatoes and warn them off, Denny. Be sure you warn them off the place."

"Come in, Honora." It was Neill's voice invited me as I crossed the hall from Sir Brian's library after bidding him good-night the evening of my arrival at the Reefs. He must have waited for me, because he opened his door just as I reached it, and with his sweetest smiles and softest tones entreated me to enter.

"This is my room, Honora; Brian has shown you his, and I thought you might like to look at my stuffed birds and shells."

"Oh, they are beautiful," I exclaimed, "did you gather the shells on the shore? I used to pick up pretty ones at Pasco, but Guy hated those things, I cannot tell why."

"These were in my room when I chose it for my own, but the birds I found abroad. You say your friend did not care for these pretty trifles—have you nothing in the way of a souvenir to remind you of him?"

He changed his careless tone instantly, and watched for my reply with that keen covert glance that was ready to pounce upon every sign in the countenance it scanned.

I answered frankly—

"No, nothing, not even a lock of his hair. Father Bertram would not let me go near him, and I did not know that he would die till—till—" I broke down, as it was impossible to resist doing, when I spoke of that last sad day. He went on. "So you had only his box, his clothes, papers, or such things with no tender interest in them."

"Not anything; his clothes were gone. I don't remember who took them—but they were not there. It was so confused that day, and I never went back again."

"I have often thought," he said musingly after a little pause, "that writing embodies more of a lost friend than any other memento. A scrap, however small, that his hand had rested on in tracing, is like words that can never die out from the eyes or memory. Such a paper must be precious to you, Honora."

"I have nothing—absolutely nothing," I answered. "No trinket, no souvenir, no writing of any kind."

I stopped involuntarily as I remembered the key. I had taken a ribbon one of the sisters had given me, and slipped it through the ring of the key and fastened it around my neck. Instinctively I placed my hand on it, and Neill's face, that at my last words had assumed a look of intense relief, almost akin to triumph, became in a moment full of intense suspicion. Any change of expression was so rapid in him as to be scarcely recognizable before it was gone. This one fled as the rest had done, and he came near me, smiling blandly.

"No writing," you said, "no trinket or souvenir, except—" He spoke questioningly, and held me with his eyes so that no thought of mine could escape him. He came still nearer, so that his breath touched my forehead.

"No remembrance," he repeated, "except, except what?"

I did not think he could injure me, even if he knew all about my secretly taking the key from the dead man's hand; but still I infinitely preferred he should not know it, so I trembled, and being naturally frank I hope, found no subterfuge to avoid the admission. His eye had marked the narrow ribbon, and his hand grasped it nervously and drew it quickly from my dress. Whether it was its own fragility or the force of his action I do not know, but the ribbon broke and the key fell inside the loose waist of my frock and lodged in the belt, only the string that had held it came out in his hand.

"What is this?" he cried in an impatient tone, looking baffled and angry.

"It is a bit of ribbon the sisters at Pasco gave me, and you are a rude man!" I replied warmly.

"You are severe, little lady," he said softly, and he bit his lips. "I thought it might be some shred of writing that my brother would be glad to see, some direction we might aid you in fulfilling. I sought your confidence in love and interest; you have repelled me—yet we are friends, you see." He smiled, and his beautiful face beamed on me tenderly as he kissed my half reluctant forehead, and then gently led me into the lighted hall without.

"Come and see me often, pretty one," he repeated, as glad to be away, I hurried up the staircase to my own room.

I do not think I replied to him, but I know I felt glad and relieved to be out of his presence, handsome as he was, and winning as I had first found him.

Madge was waiting, and I resigned myself to her admonitions and attendance. The first were by far the most elaborate, and she began by asking me if I feared spirits.

"Bekase if you do you're no true Fogarty, for it's well known that they wouldn't be scared for Satan himself. But Mr. Neill is more timorsome nor Sir Brian, for Thady Rooney says he saw him in a trimble whin the 'White Lady' was last seen at the Reefs."

The theme was a new and interesting one. I turned my head that she was brushing, and asked her what "White lady" she meant, since Sir Brian had told me there were no ladies at the castle.

"Of course he did, for they don't be spaking much of sich company. She's a spirit, ye must know, that be's coming to warn the family whin one of thim is to be laid under the sod. The gintleman ye were living wid over the sea was the last of thim to go, and the White Lady was here thin."

"Oh, tell me more about her. I should like to look at a spirit. I read of one once who appeared in a ruined castle in Asturia, with a face like a white cloud and streaming black hair. Guy did not like such stories, he was displeased with me for reading it. Was it for him—for my poor uncle—that your white spirit appeared.

"*Was* he yer uncle, now? Sure Thady Rooney heard it was your father he was, and widdy Murphy, she tould me Mr. Guy was yer brother."

"But about the spirit," I interrupted her. "Tell me all you can about the spirit."

She made no demur in gratifying me, seeming rather anxious on the whole to secure an auditor I thought.

"Sure I was the first to see it, and it jist tuck the breath from me. Hould yer head stiddy, the way I wont be dabbing ye in the eyes wid the hair brush, and I'll tell ye while I rowl yer hair into curls. Oh, Miss, I used to dress Miss Nell's hair, the Rose of the Reefs; she was handsomer nor any pictur' iver ye laid eyes on. Oh, who knows what she looks like now! Saints in hiven bliss her, wherever she is!" She crossed herself devoutly, and before I could inquire further about the beautiful Miss Nell, she continued,

"Faith, I mind the night well; it was nearly five months ago, and I was stopping up wid widdy Murphy, who was lying low in a faver. Everything was quiet, so was the widdy after a warm drink I give her. She lay in an aisy slape until near daybreak, whin Thady Rooney called to convoy me to the castle, for he had been to the market town and walked twelve miles since midnight. I wakened the widdy's daughter Bess, and tuck me lave. Well, ye see, Thady was lively by raison of the drop of drink he had, and whin he reaches the open road he lilts up a merry tune, and says he, 'give us the chorus, Madge.' Now, I'm no singer, nor niver was, bekase I niver could larn songs, but Thady has a mighty persuading way wid him, and so I was willing to try my hand at it. Well, wid singing and discoorsing, we couldn't be thinking much of ghosts and goblins till we come forninst the castle gate. Says I, 'Thady, it's mighty lonesome like, this great house, wid it's crowds of shadows, stretching about it, and the moon straming round like a white light.'

"'True for ye,' says he, and he looks up and gives a big start. 'The sainte bliss and guide us,' cries he, 'what's that, any how?' He pointed out forninst him, and following his fingers wid my eyes, I tuck to scraching wid fright, for as sure as I'm telling ye, there was the White Lady on the lawn beside the castle door. They may say what they plase about spirits, but I tell ye they can hear as well as you or me can. This one turned round the moment she heard me, threw up both white hands to warn us off, and wid a cry like the soughing of the wind flew away through the tall elms like a flash, and was lost to sight before Thady had got through wid praying on his knees. Whin she was gone, Thady and me jist raised the house wid screaming and roaring, and Sir Brian threatened to murder us both before we could be pacified. I'm saying nothing agin him, Miss, but he has his ways, indade he has."

"Did you ever see her again?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Not mesilf," she replied, with a meaning look, "but there's thim that has, and there's not a one in the place, high or low, but is feared for her except ould Donahue and his wife."

"Who are they, Madge?"

But it was in vain to inquire now, being suddenly struck with the idea that it was late, and Sir Brian had particularly recommended rest for me after my long journey. She finished my disrobing hurriedly, and tossed me into bed without ceremony, carrying the light away after drawing the curtains and wishing me good-night. I had made up my mind to be worried and frightened; first, by the white lady; secondly, by Mr. Neill Fogarty; but forgetting all and every cause of trouble and alarm was soon fast asleep.

### CHAPTER VI.

THE WHITE LADY.

I had only been at The Reefs a week or two when I made a good many discoveries

that kept my mind busy with surmises. First and most singular of all was the fact that Sir Brian never spoke to his brother Neill.

We breakfasted, supped and dined together, we three; the same attendants were all in waiting and the same order of things preserved; but though each spoke freely to me or the servants, neither ever addressed the other.

Sir Brian in his library with me or Denny was not like the same person who sat constrained and silent in his brother's presence, seldom speaking but in monosyllables, except when roused by some device of Denny's to warm him up. After which he invariably became less oppressed with the gloom that overshadowed him in the dining hall. Seeing this, I came to understand the design of that faithful old fellow in outraging his master's peculiarities and then confessing the crime, knowing that the hasty but generous nature was better thus stirred into action than left to smoulder in the consuming trouble of his secret estrangement from his brother.

To me he was all genial tenderness, and I grew to love him with an earnestness that surprised even my own heart, whose untried depths were stirred at every word and look he gave me.

Under Madge's care and direction I was soon greatly changed in appearance, and I can never forget the innocent pride with which his noble face beamed as I came before him to display the first new gown and ribbons of my fresh and beautiful wardrobe. Madge stood curtseying in the door-way with conscious triumph at her success, and after the first look of delighted admiration, he turned to her.

"Faith, Madge," he cried, "you're a jewel. I never gave you credit for such skill and neatness. You must have fallen in with the fairies some midsummer night, and they have taught you their handicraft."

Madge tossed her head with an elated air.

"Sure, Sir Brian," she answered, "it's little a poor body like myself does. Thim that has grace and beauty coming to thim down a long line of high and noble ancestors can't be much beholden to silks or laces, though they're more becoming nor the furrin duds the awate young Miss brought from over the sea wid her."

"True for you, Madge," cried Sir Brian, much pleased at her compliment; "you've made it as clear as wiser heads could do. All the rags in the world, native or foreign, couldn't debase a true Fogarty, but purple and linen come natural to them, for they have an old and noble name."

Suddenly his face darkened, his brows grew heavy; he bit his lips, and sighing deeply turned away.

The hall door was open, and Neill had passed by it as he uttered his last words. Something in his presence like a blight from an evil wind seemed to blast Sir Brian, and he sank into silence.

Madge hurried me away—and giving me a little frill to crimp, as I had watched the sisters do at Pasco, enjoined me not to disarrange my new dress, and left me.

So I seated myself at the window of the little sitting-room that had been given to our use, which looked out upon the fine slope the bay window commanded, and worked away at my task, anxious to gain Madge's approval. The door opened softly and closed again with the same precaution. I looked up and Neill Fogarty stood before me, smiling pleasantly.

"What a fine bird our little lady is becoming," he said. "These are beautiful feathers," he continued, drawing the ribbons that fastened my sleeves through his fingers. "Do you like pretty dresses, Honora?"

"Yes," I answered, not liking either his touch or smile, "do not all young girls do so?"

He continued smiling, but did not reply. By-and-by he sat down very near me, and without a word of preparation began—

"You still wear this little ribbon round your neck; it looks sadly faded beside these brighter shades; give it me, will you not?"

I pushed aside his hand as he strove to take it, and rose up.

"What is it that you mean?" I asked, boldly; "this bit of ribbon can have no value to you or any one. I do not understand you, and I do—I do—"

"You don't understand me, and you *do* fear me; is that it, my pretty lady?"

"No, no," I answered, with a flushed face, "it is not—I mean I do not like you, and I do not trust you. It is your own fault; you are mysterious and strange, and I wish to avoid you."

I was not frightened, but I was flushed and excited; I ran to open the door and leave the room. I found it locked.

The moment I made the discovery, I came and sat down quietly beside him. He had not moved to follow me; now he turned and took my hand.

"You are a false girl," he said, in a low, suppressed voice. "With the air of an innocent child, but the plotting, supicious nature of a worldly woman. You impose on my good brother—and it is my duty to undeceive him. Listen to me—tell me, where are the things hidden you took from the cottage at Pasco? Give up your foolish dreams and absurd secrets; tell me all you wish unravelled, and I will listen to you, and save my brother from distress and pain. Be wilful and perverse, and you will stand friendless between us."

I thought him so meanly wicked in spite of his sweet voice and great beauty, that I rose and looked him steadily in the eyes—without any fear, or feeling, but one of scorn.

"I do not know how old I am," I said, "but I am but a child to you, and I should look up to and reverence you completely, had you not taught me to distrust and disrespect you. I came here without fear or doubt—you have filled me with both. Things, simple in themselves, under your words have grown full of strange meaning; and now I am sure poor Guy had a secret, and its clue must be traced through you."

His face seemed to undergo a terrible and instantaneous change, and became yellow as parchment—his eyes grew glassy, and his lips blue; he sank back in his chair, and appeared like one deprived of life or motion. Staggering to his feet, he made a gesture with his hand towards something; then I looked round and saw a strange explanation of his emotion in the presence of a lady who stood behind us. A tall, handsome, but very pale lady, with a wistful, timid smile, and lovely blue eyes that had an empty, wandering look. She wore an odd, old-fashioned dress of some soft, white material; and had made no sound in entering, although the door was locked.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R 26, 1868.


## TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

## BACK NUMBERS.

We regret to say that we are out of our back numbers of THE POST up to the paper of December 12th.

We printed a large extra edition, and supplied those who applied for about two and a-half months; but we find that we have fallen short of the demand.

New subscribers will have to begin with the number of December 12th—and there could not be, we think, a better one to begin with; containing as it does, the opening of "THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS," and "THE ABBOT'S POOL."

## MRS. WOOD'S STORY.

We are rather crowded with story matter this week, owing to the insertion of Mrs. Wood's beautiful Christmas story. But it was too admirable to be omitted. It is just the story for Christmas week—when people should forget their old grudges (if they are so unfortunate as to have any,) and turn over a new and white leaf with the whole world.

## THE LAST PAPER OF 1868.

Those of our readers whose subscriptions end with the year, will please remember that this is the last paper of 1868, and renew their subscriptions as early as possible.

Prompt renewals are a great convenience to our clerks, at the same time that they enable us to supply the back numbers to all who want them.

We shall print so large a number of the early papers of the year, as to supply the probable demand—but of course we prefer to err on the safe side, and not lumber our shelves with a large lot of back numbers which may not be wanted.

Our friends will be pleased to learn that our list has been increasing rapidly of late, and that a good many people seem to have found out recently that THE POST is the cheapest, as well as the "best," of the first-class weeklies.

## THE BASKING SHARK.

The "Maine Farmer" says that the strange and "unknown" marine monster, captured in the vicinity of Eastport, Maine, and of which so many wonderful stories have been told, has long been known on our Atlantic coast as the Basking Shark.

It is really, however, a very singular and wonderful monster, and worthy a visit from the curious.

Horribly ugly as it appears, the Basking Shark is said to be very peaceable and inoffensive, and rather sluggish in its habits, delighting to lie on the surface of the water and bask in the sun, hence the name. Fishermen take advantage of this habit, and approach them and thrust into their vitals a harpoon by which they are captured. Their liver is enormously large, sometimes weighing a thousand pounds. They are caught nearly thirty feet in length, and on the coast of New Jersey are said to be often forty feet long.

This shark, our friends of "The Laws of Life" will be pleased to hear, is supposed by naturalists to be a strict vegetarian. He is an instance of the preservation of good health, and the attainment of great size and strength, without the use of animal food. They will regret, however, that he eats salt—or rather drinks it in his water.

Whether the peaceable disposition of the Basking Shark—so unlike that of the rest of the shark tribe—comes from the use of vegetable food; or the use of vegetable food from his naturally saint-like disposition, is one of those questions which it would be difficult to decide. Our own opinion is that as he does not relish animal food, he does not take the trouble to pursue and kill the smaller and weaker fishes. But then this very constitutional dislike of animal food may be the result of a habit practised through long generations by the Basking Sharks; and which had its original source in a conviction on the part of some philanthropic ancestor, that to kill and eat his weaker brethren of the ocean was flagrantly unjust, not to say cruel and cannibalistic.

We are sorry that so peaceable and inoffensive an animal as the Basking Shark, should be so horribly ugly; for his head is small and snake-like, and his bronchial apparatus runs almost round the neck, and when open it appears as though his throat had been cut. His teeth are small but numerous and very sharp. His skin is nearly the color of sheet lead, and his dorsal fin rises on the back, and resembles a plowshare.

Thus the Basking Shark is not a beauty—even though he be a vegetarian, and, especially for a fish, so remarkably peaceable. But then, as we all know, ugliness often is merely in the eye of the beholder; and doubtless the sailor who harpoons a Basking Shark, does not seem an attractive object to the Shark's eyes. His idea of beauty is probably something of the Shark order; while the little straddling animal with the harpoon, appears to him not only an ugly, but a cruel and wicked little monster.

In conclusion, the question naturally arises as to the place of the Basking Shark in this wonderful and exceedingly diversified creation.

Is not the Basking Shark, for instance, a superior animal to those Money Sharks who are to be found in your Third streets and Wall streets, dealing in Reading, Erie and Central—devouring widows' and widowers' houses, and perhaps for a pretence making long prayers? Would we not wrong the peaceable and inoffensive Basking Shark, by comparing him to these Money Sharks?

We think the Basking Shark, with a harpoon in his vitals, a much better member of society than the Money Shark with his harpoon in his fellow men's vitals. Would it not be a great gain to the world if by some high command, all the cruel Money Sharks could be changed at one stroke into Basking Sharks?

It would be, we know, a sad thing for the shark tribe and the fishy tribes generally, unless their dispositions could also be changed,—but what a great gain for mankind!

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ADVENTURES IN THE APACHE COUNTRY; A Tour through Arizona and Sonora, with notes on the Silver Regions of Nevada. By J. Ross BROWNE, author of "Yusef," "An American Family in Germany," etc. Illustrated by the author. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila. All those who have read the works of this popular traveller will welcome his new book as a fresh source of entertainment and instruction.

WILD LIFE UNDER THE EQUATOR. Narrated for Young People. By PAUL DU CHAILLU, author of "Discoveries in Equatorial Africa," "Stories of the Gorilla Country," etc. Illustrated. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila. In this interesting book Du Chaillu truly carries you into Equatorial Africa, "that land of wonders, where no civilized man had ever trodden before him."

CHARLIE BELL, The Waif of Elm Island. By Rev. ELIJAH KELLOGG, author of "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Good Old Times," etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., successors to G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

WORDS OF HOPE. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also by Turner Brothers & Co., Phila. This is a volume of selections of about the same kind as "Golden Truths," a work by the same compiler which was received very favorably last year.

GLOVERSON AND HIS SILENT PARTNERS. By RALPH KEELER. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Phila.

JOANNA DARLING; OR, THE HOME AT BREAKWATER. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Phila.

THE BOY FROM BRAMLEY. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Phila.

### The Foundling Hospital in Moscow.

A movement is on foot in New York for the establishment of a foundling hospital on a large scale on the plan of that in Moscow, in Russia.

The Moscow foundling hospital is the largest in the world. It was organized by the Empress Elizabeth, about one hundred years since, and has now a yearly fund of $1,000,000 for its support. There is a Lombard bank, and also savings bank attached to it. There are admitted yearly some twelve thousand children. These are not left, as in some other institutions of a similar kind, at the door of the building, but are taken openly, either by their mothers, or some friends into an entrance room set apart for that purpose. As we stopped a few moments in this room, we counted sixty women, each with an infant in her arms waiting in single file, to make their deposits. No questions are asked by the recording clerk, except has the child been baptized, and if so, by what name.

The child is then registered, a number is placed around its neck, and figures upon its cot, while a receipt showing the same number is handed to the bearer of the child in order to enable her to visit or even claim it at any future period up to the age of ten years. The infant is then passed into another room and handed to its future foster parent, she being the woman who happens, at the moment, to stand at the head of the list amongst a number who are always waiting in attendance. These women are generally peasants from the country, who have, it was told us, themselves been depositors of their own children but a few hours before, or else mothers who have left their children in the country to be brought up by hand, attracted by the wages and good quarters provided them in the institution. It is not supposed that even a majority of these children are illegitimate. The greater portion are left there by the parents from poverty, or from being in service.

The nurses have distinct apparel for each of the different wards in these vast buildings. Some have blue, others red and green caps. There are several hundred nurses in this one hall alone. In passing from one ward to another we could not help remarking the clock-like regularity with which the whole establishment is conducted. There seems nothing omitted which good domestic management can suggest or medical art approve. The simple arts of washing and dressing are brought to perfection, and executed with great rapidity. The infants are bathed in copper tubs, lined with flannel, and they are dressed on downy pillows, instead of the hard hoops or bony legs of modern nurses.

### SINCERE ATTACHMENT.

"Hast thou ever yet loved, Henrietta?" I sighed.
"I should rather imagine I had," she replied;
"Oh, did not my glances my feelings betray
When you helped me the third time to pudding to-day?"

POISONOUS UNDER-CLOTHES.—The London Lancet and the London Times call attention to the danger of wearing orange, pink and red stockings and under-clothes. They show that the dye which produces the various colors contains poison, and when brought in contact with the skin, by severe friction, produces a sore that is fatal in its consequences.

## THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

**"The Mystery of the Reefs."**
BY MRS. HOSMER.

**Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.**
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

**A New Novelet**
BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

**A New Novelet**
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for next year, at a cost for the more engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer the following inducement. We shall print a large extra edition of the numbers containing the beginning of "THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS," and "THE ABBOT'S POOL," and shall continue to date all *new* subscribers back to the paper of December 12th, until the large extra edition is exhausted. This arrangement will give new subscribers for 1869, who do not delay their subscriptions too long, *three papers in addition to the regular number for the year, or nearly thirteen months in all.*

This offer applies to all new subscribers, single or in clubs. And our Club terms are so very low, as compared with other first-class literary weeklies, that clubs should be obtained with the greatest ease. And the getter up of a club of Five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to *new* subscribers, our *old* subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which *it brings us, in the continual improvement of our paper*—and therefore it is to their interest to speak a good word for us to their friends. We have already Enlarged and Beautified our paper—and of this they have had the advantage. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, do we design making THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

### Blondes and Brunettes.

A recent writer on the subject of physical development asserts that the blonde type is gradually dying out in this country, or rather being merged into the brune. He says the future American woman will be a dark-eyed, dark-haired, lithe-limbed, agile, elegant, and commanding brunette; only moderately plump in her person, well-proportioned and vigorous. The face will incline to the oval form, with features finely-cut, and somewhat more prominent than we see in the European races; but neither angular or coarse, and full of expression. It is a fine thing to know precisely the type of wife whom that Man of the Future, our own great grandson, will marry a century hence. One cannot help rejoicing, however, that one's own lines are cast in this present transition period, when still the golden hair which the old painters loved to paint, waves (if put up over night on crimping-pins) round some brows, and the merry eyes of Heaven's own blue sparkle beneath. But in the coming time creation, the American part of it at least, is to be pervaded by delicious sameness, as the Man of the Future, we are told, is also to have dark eyes, dark, strong and abundant hair, and a dark complexion. What the children of the future, so fathered and so mothered, will be is wisely left as a problem for the imagination; rather dusky in their type, we should fancy; a sort of amende honorable of fate to the first lords of the soil. In the meanwhile there are some blue eyes still shining, which, we trust, will outlast our day.

☞ Photographing by moonlight is attracting great attention in England. A photographer of Glasgow, it is stated, has, by using the light of the moon, succeeded in producing several landscapes and marine views, which are wonderfully faithful reproductions of the scenery represented. These pictures have been prepared for the stereoscope, and give an entirely different effect from that produced by sun-light views.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Hostilities have commenced between Turkey and Greece—though formal war has not yet been proclaimed.

—Sandwich Island advices state that a severe earthquake occurred at Hawaii on November 16th, and the volcano of Mauna Loa had resumed its activity.

—The credentials of J. W. Menard (colored) as Representative elect from Louisiana, have been presented in Congress and referred.

—"Tommy," the famous Japanese, has again been killed, according to a correspondent. This time in a battle between the factions now fighting in that country.

—An Irish court has given a gentleman $1,000 damages for breach of promise by a lady with whom he had an engagement to marry. The day had been set, the intending bridegroom had sold a farm, and was on his way to carry out the engagement, when the lady married another.

—The following is the territorial extent in square miles of several cities in the Union: New York City, 22; Philadelphia, 120; Buffalo, 37; Pittsburg, 24; Louisville, 12 3-10; Chicago, 23; Brooklyn, 25; Cincinnati, 7. It is proposed to enlarge Cincinnati.

—At Quincy, Ill., is a German with a curious blood-mark. It is a perfect deer, about the size of a silver dollar, and on his right cheek. The form and outline of the deer are as perfect as could be drawn by an artist.

—Somebody in New Haven, who keeps posted in regard to such matters, says that Monday of last week was the first time in forty years that the sun has not risen clear on the 7th of December.

—An Alabama planter has been buying Brazilian cotton seed at $1 per seed.

—Some Washington correspondents are paid $10 a column for matter; hence the very many words most of them require to tell the little they know.

—Sheep washing, in Australia, is performed by means of an apparatus, in the construction of which considerable sums of money have been expended by the farmers. The sheep are first washed in water of the temperature of 110 degrees Farenheit, and are then floated into a tank of cold water, where the cleansing is completed by means of a spray. The wool brings much better prices in consequence of the large quantity of natural grease extracted by this process.

TUNNEL UNDER THE HUDSON.—It is reported that the Erie Railway is about to construct a tunnel under the Hudson river, to connect the shores of New Jersey and New York. The plans and specifications of the work have been prepared, and operations, it is anticipated, will be commenced next spring. The tunnel, it is estimated, will cost about three millions of dollars, and will be completed in two and a half years. The eastern terminus of the tunnel in New York city will be on Eighth avenue, near Twenty-third street, and the recent purchase of Pike's Opera House and adjoining property, it is stated, was made in view of the use of the land for this purpose.

INFLUENCE OF FORESTS IN PRODUCING RAIN.—We have on various occasions called the attention of our readers to the intimate relation between the climatology of a country and its forests, showing that as the latter are cut away the amount of rain decreases. An interesting instance of the converse of this proposition has just been announced in connection with the climate of Egypt. For a long time, as is well known, rain has never fallen in Upper Egypt at all, and in the Delta only on five or six days in the year. Some years ago, however, Mehemet Ali planted twenty millions of trees on the Delta, and they have now attained a considerable size. The result is that the number of rainy days has gradually increased from five or six every year to forty, with the prospect of attaining a still greater proportion hereafter.

### A Miracle of Honesty.

At a party one evening, several contending for the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing, a reverend gentleman was appointed sole judge of their respective pretensions.

One produced his tailor's bill, with a receipt attached to it. A buzz went through the room that this could not be outdone, when a second proved that he had just arrested his tailor for money lent to him.

"The palm is his," was the generous cry, when a third put in his claim.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I cannot boast of the feats of my predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they left at my house."

"I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbitrator. "This is the very acme of honesty; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any one capable. The prize—"

"Hold," cried another. "I have done still more than that."

"Impossible," cried the whole company.

"Let us hear."

"I have been taking my paper for twenty years and paid for it every year in advance." He took the prize.

☞ "It is somewhat a singular fact that, as far as it is known, no President of the United States since the days of Washington has been a communicant in a church."

The above erroneous statement, copied from one of Burleigh's letters to the Boston Journal, is going the rounds of the press. Both John Adams and John Quincy Adams were members of the First Congregational Church in Quincy, and of course, were communicants. They were men of deep religious convictions. There are scores of persons in our city who have served in ecclesiastical councils where John Quincy Adams was a member. He represented the church of which he was a member in the council which ordained Rev. F. D. Huntington over the South Congregational Church, Boston, October 19th, 1842.—*Boston Transcript.*

SNOW EYES.—Ellis, in speaking of the Esquimaux, says: "Their snow eyes, as they very properly call them, are a proof of their sagacity. These are little pieces of wood, bone or ivory, formed to cover the eyes, and tied on behind the head. They have two slits of the exact length of the eyes, but very narrow. This invention preserves the eyes from snow blindness, a very dangerous and powerful malady, caused by the action of the light reflected from the snow. The use of these eyes considerably strengthens the sight, and the Esquimaux are so accustomed to them, that when they have a mind to view distant objects, they commonly use them instead of spy-glasses."

☞ Prof. Newton says the number of meteors which daily traverse the atmosphere cannot be less than 7,500,000.

## THE ABBOT'S POOL.

**IN SIX CHAPTERS.**

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

In a few days Mr. Denbigh had quite recovered his strength, and plunged afresh into his many labors.

So the seasons came and went; winter succeeded to summer, and summer returned; and the peaceful stream of village life flowed on with little to break or trouble its course. In a very short time, as it seemed to Elsie Denbigh, the first anniversary of her marriage passed, and then the second passed, and now Christmas was over, and the third was at hand. Mr. Denbigh had prospered in all things; his reputation spread, and his work increased, and his income grew, and he was cited in all the neighborhood as the very picture of a deservedly successful man. His sweet wife was as much as ever the idol of his adoration, and during the last few months had been doubly the object of his tenderest care; for the crowning blessing, without which the happiest marriage must be incomplete, was now about to be granted to them. She was all delight and thankfulness; but it somewhat troubled her that she could not quite arrive at a full perception of her husband's feelings on the matter. He smiled at her happiness, and was never tired of watching her joyous little matronly preparations; but, nevertheless, she saw—and wondered as she saw—that though he looked forward to the possession of their new treasure with intense interest, it was an interest largely mixed with trouble.

On a January morning she stood waiting for her husband to come down to breakfast—stood idly watching the frost-bound garden and the whitened field, and the long icicles which hung from the boughs of the trees, and were reflected in the Abbot's Pool.

She turned, as he entered, rubbing his hands, and exclaiming against the cold. One of the first acts of his married life had been to set up a post-bag for his letters; and he had endured with perfect indifference the many remarks which this proceeding had brought upon him. The bag now lay on the table, and he proceeded to open it with the key, which never left his watch-chain.

"This is vexatious," he said, after glancing through the one letter it contained. "Here am I summoned to London, to appear to-morrow before the committee about that Briswick workhouse case. I must start to-day."

"That is tiresome; and to-morrow evening Mrs. Carter was to bring her children and her little nieces to drink tea here. You will miss them. What a pity!"

"That I shall survive, I dare say; only don't you tire yourself, love, whatever you do. I shall try hard to get home the day after to-morrow."

"Indeed, I hope so. Why, the day after to-morrow is our wedding day!"

A search into the mysteries of the Railroad Guide made it evident that the doctor must leave Slowcombe by the train which started at one o'clock. As the coach passed through Sedgbrook at twelve, he said he would avail himself of it, and not risk his horse on the icy roads.

"And I will come and see you off," said his wife, pausing, as she moved away to her hurried preparations. He demurred, but gave way at the sight of her imploring face, saying:

"Well, well, I can't refuse you. But Jonathan shall follow in the pony trap, and drive you home. I won't have you sliding about these frosty lanes without my arm to lean upon."

Isott often remembered in after days how she watched them from the door; the strong husband accommodating his brisk step to the slow pace of his delicate wife, who clung to him more out of love for the strong supporting arm than because its stay was necessary to her. Others there were also, who told long afterwards how the pair walked together in close conversation up the village street; how he looked back after her from his seat, as long as the coach was in sight; and how mournfully she turned away.

The little party to which she had alluded was on a very small scale, being merely an entertainment to the four vicarage children and two little cousins who were staying with them. The vicar and his wife were the only grown-up guests; but Mrs Denbigh's life was such a quiet one, that she looked on the occasion as something of an event, and was anxious that her house should wear its prettiest aspect. She spent all that dull winter afternoon in renewing the Christmas holly which dressed the room, and tired herself thoroughly.

The hour fixed for her little party was, of course, an early one. By six o'clock in the evening the substantial tea was over, and they went to the drawing-room, where the children were to amuse themselves with games. "Magic Music" was the first, and the children's interest was greatly heightened by Mrs. Denbigh announcing that the child who found the thing hidden should keep it. A very animated scene followed, the little ones searching high and low, under tables, and behind curtains, as the music now loud, now low, encouraged them to proceed or warned them that they were on a false scent. And when fat little Johnny Carter, a sturdy four years' old boy, the youngest of the vicarage children, discovered that the prize was buried in the white Astrachan hearth-rug, what a merry shout there was, and how delighted the little hero looked, as he undid the roll of paper in which it was enveloped, and brought out a quaint old Father Christmas, whose head unscrewed, and showed all his venerable body stuffed with sugar-plums!

"How very pretty Mrs. Denbigh is looking to-night!" Mrs. Carter whispered to her husband; "one never grows used to her beauty; it strikes one afresh constantly, does not it?"

"Remarkably well she looks; that black velvet suits her exactly, and she is wonderfully brightened up to-night."

She was indeed in unusual beauty; her fair skin and blue eyes set off to peculiar advantage by her dress, which, with its square cut bodice and hanging sleeves, had the quaint effect of an old picture. She wore a set of heavy old-fashioned silver ornaments, and her sweet face looked its sweetest.

"You must not tire yourself," said Mrs. Carter, smiling at her, as she again took her place at the piano.

"Oh, this does not tire me," she said. "It is so nice to see the children happy! I wish Philip were here."

"Do you?" thought Mrs. Carter, "I can't agree with you. I wonder why I dislike that man so. When do you expect him?" she asked aloud.

"Perhaps to-morrow."

"There is Isott making telegraphic signals at the door," said Mrs. Carter; "I think she wants you."

Mrs. Denbigh went to the door, and the old servant drew her into the hall; her shrewd honest face wearing a look of perplexity, as she said:—

"Here be a man a come as wants to see master; and if master bain't at home, he wants to see the missus—so he says. What be I to do?"

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Why, a queer sort of chap, ma'am, like to a furriner; only he bain't a furriner neither, I don't think; sum'at in the seafaring line he might be, unless he be a tramp all the time and after the spoons; but I've a showed 'im into that there surgery parlor, and 'a won't get much out o' that, unless 't is pills and draughts."

"Did you tell him," asked Elsie, "that Mr. Denbigh will be at home to-morrow, or the day after, at latest?"

"Yes, I did; and he says you'll do every bit as well as master. He's sorry to ill-convenience you, so he says, but he won't keep you not one minute."

"Just stay in the vestibule while I go in, Isott," said her mistress. "Is there a light? Yes? Then I'll come directly." And having explained her absence to Mrs. Carter, and asked her to take her place at the piano for a few moments, Mrs. Denbigh crossed the vestibule and went into the surgery parlor.

CHAPTER V.

"I feared the pitiless rocks of ocean,
So the great sea rose, and then
Cast me from her friendly bosom
On the pitiless hearts of men."
—*Miss Procter.*

The room was dimly lighted by a low fire and a tallow candle, and, besides its usual stuffy and druggy atmosphere, Mrs. Denbigh was conscious of a smell of stale tobacco, emanating apparently from the great arm-chair, where sat, in an easy, lounging attitude, a tall, powerfully made man, dressed in a loosely fitting shooting-jacket. Starting up as Mrs. Denbigh entered, he displayed a bronzed and reddened face set in a rough mass of beard and hair, and a pair of gloveless hands, toil-seamed and weather-beaten. Mrs. Denbigh might well stand still, half alarmed at this uncivilized apparition; and the stranger also looked somewhat surprised, as if the fair vision before him, in sweeping black velvet robes, with heavy silver pendants on the round throat and in the small ears, were not quite what he had expected the doctor's wife to be. In another second he bowed with a sudden courteous gesture, which assured Elsie that he was not the ruffian he looked, and, with a frank, pleasant voice, the tones of which were much more civilized than his appearance warranted, he said,

"I beg your pardon; I am afraid I have come at a most inconvenient moment. Mr. Denbigh is not at home, I am sorry to find?"

"No," said Mrs. Denbigh, standing herself, and not asking him to sit, as she still felt somewhat nervous; "I am sorry to say he is in London; but we expect him home to-morrow, or the next day, at latest. Could you leave any message?"

"Thanks—no. I fancy you can tell me what I want to know as well as he could; it is only Captain Clavering's address."

Elsie gave a great start, as well she might. Her first wild idea was, that this stranger was bent, for some inscrutable reason, on paining and insulting her by a cruel joke. Next moment she was able to consider that he might be some old friend of her first husband, who did not know that Philip Denbigh's wife had been Herbert Clavering's widow. Sudden shame assailed her, as if she had done something wrong and disgraceful which was on the point of being discovered; her intense desire to be quit of her visitor nerved her to answer, collectedly, "You don't know, then, that he was in the Amethyst, which was lost seven years ago?"

"Exactly; that's the man. When we parted at Auckland, he told me that Mr. Denbigh was his greatest friend, and that if I should chance at any time not to know his address, it was a sure find to come and look him up here. He is a great chum of mine. I dare say my name is familiar to you—Josiah Smith."

There came before Mrs. Denbigh's mind a sentence in poor Herbert's first letter, in which he mentioned having given a passage in the Amethyst to a certain acquaintance, bearing this name, who wished to make his way to New Zealand. Shame, distress, the fear of Philip's jealous anger, and the horrible awkwardness of her situation, were all forgotten in the chance of questioning one who had been with her husband so shortly before his death. She eagerly exclaimed—

"Oh, yes, I do know your name. Did you not sail in the Amethyst? And was it long before the shipwreck that you parted? You know she was wrecked."

It was the stranger's turn to look surprised: "Of course she was, the wretched tub! not fit to send a dog to sea in, let alone Christian souls. It was I who was with Clavering on the island; and after we got to New Zealand we parted, and I have never heard from him since. As his good luck would have it, the mail steamer for home started the very day we landed, and he would go off in her without waiting even to buy new clothes. It seems to me," wound up Mr. Smith, with his pleasant smile, "that we are at cross-purposes somehow."

Whence comes the marvellous strength which springs up in the human heart in times of intense emotion? Who has not felt the numbness which comes over the soul at such moments, leaving us free to act, but taking away, for the time, all power of feeling? It was thus with Elsie Denbigh. While she never doubted that she was on the brink of some awful discovery, she was not conscious of any keen suffering, but acted her part, as one often does in dreams, taking everything with a stolid calmness, and looking at herself from the outside, as it were, all the time, vaguely wondering at the whole position and at her own composure.

Her soft voice was even more subdued and quiet than ever as she said, "Will you sit down? I do not understand you quite."

She seated herself, bringing her chair close to the table which divided them, and instinctively leaning her head on her hand, so as to shade her face.

"Now will you tell me, please, about yourself and Mr. Clavering? You were in the shipwreck, I think you said?"

"Queer," thought Mr. Smith. "Mr. Denbigh doesn't gossip much to his wife about his friends' affairs. I suppose I am in for it now, and I must set her curiosity at rest before she will take the trouble to hunt out Clavering's address for me."

"I should think I was!" he answered, aloud. "Ah! it was a horrible business! I hope you may never see anything like it, Mrs. Denbigh."

"I heard it was a fearful storm."

"You may say that. Not fit to talk to a lady about. Then came I can't tell you how many hours' tossing about in an open boat. Clavering and I, and a few others, in such a sea! It is of no use making a horrible story of it. The end was, that in the pitchy darkness we drove right upon a rock, and our boat was smashed, and out went we! Yah! it is not nice to think about, even now. It was a horrible night that I spent, clinging to the rock, half in the water, wondering all the time how soon I should be washed off, and whether I was the only one left alive. When morning dawned at last, there was Clavering near me, all the other poor fellows gone! We were on a long reef of rock, and we managed by degrees to scramble along it to the island, which was only a big rock itself. We had nothing to eat but seals, which are not dainty food; but somehow we managed to keep body and soul together for more than two years."

He paused; but there was no word, no movement, on the part of the listening figure opposite. He went on:—

"We were carried off at last by a ship from New Zealand, that came in search of seals; and then, as I told you, we said good-by to each other, and I went up the country, and Herbert Clavering set off home. I have never heard from him, or of him, since. Can you give me news of him?"

"No," she said; "I know nothing of him. I can tell you nothing."

"Curious! Surely, Mr. Denbigh must have seen him since he came home? I know he got to England all right; at least, I know his ship did, for I chanced on an old Times long afterwards, and saw the day of her arrival mentioned. The 14th of January it was—this identical day three years, by-the-by."

The 14th of January! This day three years! The eve of her wedding-day! But still Elsie seemed to feel nothing and to realize nothing. One question she must ask. She could not look beyond it.

"I know nothing about it," she said again; and the slow, measured voice sounded in her ears strangely unlike her own. "But will you tell me one thing? I have heard—I mean, they used to say—that Mr. Clavering's wife gave him a ring on the day they parted. Can you tell me if he ever wore it?"

"Oh yes! Clavering had a ring—a very valuable ring—a ruby, I think. I used to tell him it was lucky he had some money sewn up in a girdle round his waist, when we were cast adrift; for I believe he'd have stayed away from home forever, rather than have sold that ring to pay his passage, poor fellow! Perhaps," said Mr. Smith, brightening with a sudden idea, "you can tell me where to find Mrs. Clavering, if Clavering himself is not in England."

In one second of time her mind surveyed all the circumstances of the past. She remembered the stranger, whose curious, travel-stained appearance had struck old Isott; she saw before her her husband's white, scared face on the bridal morning; she thought of his fury when she discovered the fatal ring; she acted over in her fancy the scenes of his illness; she recalled his various eccentricities of restless, jealous dread; and she never, for one instant, doubted the abyss of guilt and misery that was suddenly opening at her feet. She knew now, that Herbert had landed in England on the day before her second marriage; she knew that he would rush home at once; she knew that he would not pass his old friend's door without stopping for a moment, if only to ask where she was; she grasped the whole horrible reality! When Mr. Smith began to speak again, his voice seemed to mix with the distant noise made by the romping children, and both sounds became merged in the roaring of the sea—the sea which had spared for a harder fate the man who had loved her, and whose love had been his doom. Just conscious enough to know that consciousness was leaving her, she rose hastily, all her powers concentrated on the effort to leave the room while she could; but she found the floor heaving under her feet, and fell heavily to the ground.

At the sound of the fall, old Isott bounced into the room, and was quickly followed by Mr. and Mrs. Carter. Mr. Smith had promptly raised Mrs. Denbigh in his arms, and stretched her, insensible, on the sofa.

"What have you been a doing of to her?" asked the old servant, looking fiercely at him, as she turned her mistress's head to meet the cold air from the window, which the vicar had hastily opened; another telegraph clerk you be, I war'nt," she went on muttering. "Drat they nasty telegraphs. I can't think how gentlefolks can encourage such things, as if bad news didn't travel quick enough by post."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Carter; but Isott inconsistently interrupted her.

"Don't ye ask 'un, ma'am, for goodness' sake, or we'll never bring her to. Get out of the way now, sir, do 'ey; we can't bring her round not till we've a got her to ourselves, Mrs. Carter and me."

"Stay," said the vicar, "I had better carry her at once up stairs. She has had a heavy fall," he said to his wife, "and the sooner you can get her into her bed the better."

"Can I be of any use?" asked the unlucky Smith.

The vicar declined his help, and, lifting poor Elsie, carried her up the stairs, his wife running before them with a candle to prepare her room. Isott was following, but stopped, bethinking herself that she must not leave the lower part of the house and the vicarage children to the mercy of this evil-disposed unknown.

"I had better go, I think," said the visitor. "I will call to inquire for Mrs. Denbigh to-morrow. Perhaps Mr. Denbigh may be back by that time."

"You can please yourself," said Isott, rudely, for she was very angry, though she hardly knew at what. "Master'll be here to-morrow, please the powers, and you might 'a' waited; whatever your business may be, not coming a frightening my poor missus out of her senses, enough to give her her death."

"But I do assure you, my good woman, I haven't the least idea what made your mistress faint," said the tormented man, goaded into self-defence. "I do assure you I never said a word that could annoy her. I only came to ask for the address of an old friend of mine, who is a friend of Mr. Denbigh, too, —Captain Clavering."

Isott had bustled to the window, and was closing the sash, but at these words she turned on the speaker like a tigress:

"And who be you, I'd like to know, coming a tormenting my poor dear, master not here to see after her, wi' talking about her dead husband."

"Her dead husband!" cried Mr. Smith, aghast.

"What, don't ye see it yet?" Bless ye, can't ye see even yet what 'tis you've gone and done? I tell ye, Cap'n Clavering be dead, poor gentleman!—drownded, and Mr. Denbigh's wife were Cap'n Clavering's widder. Now you know."

The vicar came hastily down stairs, and desired Isott to go to her mistress, adding that she was recovering her consciousness, though she was deadly cold.

"Anything wrong with Denbigh?" he asked anxiously of the stranger; but Mr. Smith did not hear, and stood staring straight before him. He started when Mr. Carter repeated his question, and said, in a rapid, bewildered manner: "I know I am in the way here, but I can't help it. You are the clergyman of the parish, are you not?"

"I am," said the vicar, surprised.

"And a magistrate? Then can I speak to you? I am sorry, but it is business of frightful importance."

Mr. Carter went into the drawing-room, where the children were clustered together, vaguely excited and alarmed. Hastily directing one of the servants to escort them to the vicarage, he returned to the parlor, where the unknown still stood in the same fixed attitude. The vicar could not help feeling rather nervous, especially as the man's first act was to close the door carefully, shutting them in together in the dismal little room, where the fire had nearly burnt out, and the candle had guttered away into a deplorable mass of half melted tallow. But the first word he spoke enchained the vicar's attention, and the two sat on in earnest conversation for a length of time, until the last spark of fire had died away and the cool moonlight filled the room. It was nearly midnight when their conference was brought to an end by the stealthy opening of the door, at the sound of which both started like guilty creatures. It was Mrs. Carter who came in, her face white and scared by the dim light of the candle which she carried. She looked with marked surprise at the stranger, and then at her husband. To the latter she said, "Can you come and speak to me one minute?" And, when they were in the passage, she went on in a low voice:

"Can't you get rid of that man? I had no idea he had been closeted with you all this time. What can you have been talking about? Oh, John, has anything dreadful happened?"

"I will tell you by-and-by."

"Shall we telegraph for Mr. Denbigh?"

"We must wait till the morning. The telegraph-office does not open till seven o'clock."

His wife hurried back to the room where poor Elsie lay.

"I had better go now," said Mr. Smith; "I will call at your house in the course of the day; and meanwhile I had best do nothing—take no steps; don't you think so?"

"By all means do nothing until we see our way more clearly. If, on making inquiries, we should discover that the poor fellow never did land in England, but died on the voyage—which may be, though it is odd, if so, that we never heard about him from any one—if this should turn out to be the case, why then nobody hereabout need be the wiser, and we shall save gossip. Let your inquiries at a distance be made first, at all events. And I should like to lay it all before Denbigh to begin with."

"Really!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, with a shrewd, half-wondering glance at Mr. Carter's face. "You would like to lay it before— Well, we can talk of that to-morrow. Good-by."

He left the vicar to his own solitary thoughts. Melancholy thoughts they were, as he sat by the hearth in the drawing-room, where the servants had kept up the fire, and where candles were burning. From time to time one of them came stealthily in to replenish the fire, and presently they brought some tea; and then a ring at the bell announced the nurse who had been sent for, and finally arrived Mr. Scott, to whom, for the time being, Mrs. Carter resigned the management of the sick-room. Soon after, she came into the drawing-room, where her husband, exclaiming at her white looks, wheeled an arm-chair to the fire for her, and hastened to pour her out a reviving cup of tea.

"How is Mrs. Denbigh?"

"Very, very ill, I am afraid. Her state is so unnatural that it terrifies me. Through all these hours she has not once spoken, has scarcely moved, and is as cold as a stone. It is like trying to warm a corpse. Oh, John, what is it? Whatever it is, I believe she has received her death-blow."

"She has had frightful news. It is a long story."

And then, drawing his seat close to his wife's, the vicar told her all that Mr. Smith had told him.

After the first exclamation of astonishment, she listened quite silently, with none of the questions and comments with which she was at times wont to try her husband's patience. Long after he had ceased to speak, she remained looking into the fire, until he began again:—

"There are three things; to my mind, any one of which *may* have happened. He may have died on the voyage; that we can easily ascertain. Or, coming home and finding poor Elsie married, he may, foolishly, poor young fellow, and wrongly, too—have resolved to keep out of her way, and never let her know of his existence."

"Not like Herbert Clavering," said Mrs. Carter, shaking her head.

"The third conjecture is the worst of all; but I am afraid it is the most probable. Think of the tremendous blow of finding her married again; he may have destroyed himself."

Mrs. Carter shook her head again, but did not speak. Her husband said, impatiently—

"You always have an idea in your head; tell me, Mary, what you think! I see you have some belief about this matter."

"No, no; indeed I have not; what grounds have I to go on? Did you say that this man was quite sure that the steamboat reached England?"

"Yes; he saw the date of her arrival mentioned in a newspaper; he says "it was the 14th of January, this day, three years.'"

"What? Have you forgotten what happened on the 15th of January in that year? I know I am not mistaken. I never forget Elsie wedding-day, because it is Johnny's birthday—a year old he was—don't you remember? Oh, John!"

Her husband uttered a sound of sorrowful surprise, as if much impressed.

"It seems extraordinary," he muttered, "that the poor fellow should not have rushed straight home. Could he?—I suppose—I wonder—whether he could have come into the neighborhood—to Slowcombe, perhaps—and heard—"

The vicar spoke slowly, and his wife watched his face as he knitted his brows, and passed his hand over his forehead, groping his way towards the conclusion at which her quicker feminine instinct had already arrived. When he raised his eyes, he met hers fixed upon him, as if she half hoped, half dreaded, to hear from him a suggestion that she could not bear to make herself.

"What are you thinking of, Mary?"

"I am thinking," she answered, with a lowered and an agitated voice, "that the short cut for any one walking from Slowcombe passes this very door. I am thinking how Herbert Clavering first came to Sedgbrook, and how very fond he was of Mr. Denbigh. And, oh, John! I can't help thinking of Mr. Denbigh's face on his wedding morning."

"You are not supposing surely that those two met? That Denbigh knew of Clavering's being alive? Preposterous! Why should Clavering keep out of the way, if he came before the wedding? And, even if he were so terribly misguided, how can you suppose Denbigh to be so utterly vile as to let him? A man of his proud, sensitive nature, upright to a fault."

He stopped short. For his wife, with a smothered exclamation, laid her hand upon his arm, and he saw the horrible thought that had just darted into his own mind reflected in her frightened eyes.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)


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### THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

I'd a dream to-night
As I fell asleep;
Oh! the touching sight
Makes me still to weep;
Of my little lad,
Gone to leave me sad,
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high
I my child did seek,
There, in train, came by
Children fair and meek,
Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight;
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
Oh! it did not burn;
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turned about,
"Your tears put it out;
Mother, never mourn."

## MR. NORTH'S DREAM.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," &c.

The house stood in the midst of extensive grounds in one of the many suburbs of southern London, a green lawn dotted with shrubs lying before the front entrance. Land was plentiful there in the old days, and Mr. North had bought the place cheap. He was a man of some consideration in the city, of high commercial and private character, well regarded by his fellow-merchants.

The lawn lay steeped in the lovely twilight of a midsummer evening. The moon glittered on the leaves of the laurels; the night flowers, closing their petals, threw out their sweet scent, so that the air was rich with perfume. It was wafted to the open glass doors of a small sitting-room, where stood a young girl; and her heart, as she inhaled it, grew more rapturously joyful than it had been before, if such a thing were possible.

It was Millicent Carden, the niece of Mr. North's wife, and his ward. A merry, guileless, loving girl of seventeen, gay-natured, careless-mannered, sweet-tempered. Her face was fair and refined, with a bright bloom just now on the delicate features; her light brown hair, unconfined by comb and fashion, fell in a mass of silken curls. Mrs. North had gone out that night, taking her daughters, Frances and Amy. Mr. North, his son, and his nephew, Archie, were in the dining-room, for they had been delayed in the city, and came home very late. The glow on Millicent's face was but a reflection of the glow that illumined her heart; nay, her whole being. For she had learnt to love one with a strange fervor; and in such a nature as hers—deep, silent, ardent, love changes the whole current of life, and is as a very ray of heaven snatched from Eden.

The room door opened and some one came in. Millicent did not turn; she stood where she was and began to hum a tune carelessly; while all the while her pulses leaped up with a bound, and the cheeks' glow increased to a hot crimson.

"Why, Millicent! I thought you were going with the rest."

Ah, she could turn calmly now. The color faded. The pulses became sober again. It was only John North.

"I did not much care to go, John. And your mother thought we should be so many."

"Then I hope my mother made an apology for leaving you. Frances or Amy might have stayed."

"Frances and Amy are ages older than I. Don't look so solemn, John: it was my own wish to stay; I proposed it myself. Is my uncle not going?"

"Yes. Later. He has some—matters to settle first with Archibald. I'll go out this way, I think. Good-night to you, cousin mine."

John North had made the pause, as above put, in reference to the matters his father had to settle with Archibald. Miss Carden thought nothing of it; if she had momentarily deemed anything odd in the words, it was the name Archibald—for she had never heard him called anything but Archie. She watched John North cross the lawn in his evening dress: he was a well-grown man of three-and-twenty, and had just been made a partner with his father. The young lady stepped out on the gravel and executed a dancing step in silent glee.

"You good old Johnny! As if I should want to go when they did not invite *him!* As if I would have gone unless they'd made me! I fancied John suspected something last week, though," she pursued, more thoughtfully, bringing her dance to a conclusion; "he looked so hard at us that evening when he came up and saw us in the laurel walk. Oh, how beautiful the night is! how lovely every thing is in the whole world!"

Stooping down, she plucked one of the sweet June roses, and put it within the folds of her light summer dress, her hands and arms looking so fragile and faultless in the moonlight. Then she stepped back indoors, and stood with her face against the pane, gazing out on the fair scene, touching now and again the blushing rose. Things were so still! Not a sound broke the solitude; and railways, with their shrieks and turmoil, had not quite cut up the place then. As the light in the west grew darker, and the moon brighter, the nightingales began their song in the neighboring trees, the twinkling stars came out of their heavenly canopy, the light on the laurels turned to silver. Insensibly the girl herself broke softly into melody. Six months before, Archie North had given her "Lalla Rookh;" she had soon learnt its seductive songs by heart.

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemere's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses, and hear the bird's song."

The striking of the clock interrupted her. Ten. Ten! Why, what could they be about so long in the dining-room? With a light step, she went along the gravel walks, and so round to the dining-room window.

It was closed. Closed that hot summer night: and her uncle, Mr. North, was so fond of air, having the windows open always, except in the dead of winter! Millicent looked into the lighted room, and what she saw caused her heart to cease beating.

Archie North stood against the wall; his arms folded, his head bowed, his good-looking face inflamed with tears, his whole aspect one of humiliation—of intense shame. He was well grown as his cousin John, but younger—only twenty. Only twenty! And exposed at that age, without a home (save lodgings) to the snares and temptations of a London life! On the table lay some papers; they looked like bills; and Mr. North stood opposite Archie, talking, with his right hand outstretched, and an awful look of severity upon his face. Millicent turned sick with undefined fear, and crept back to the little room. What could the shame be?

The dining-room door opened and voices were heard in the hall. Millicent, trembling from head to foot, looked out of this room cautiously. Archie had taken up his hat and a light over-coat, that he wore to protect his clothes from the summer's dust.

"Never you attempt again to cross my threshold," Mr. North was saying, in the cold stern tone of an irrevocable decree. "You are a disgrace to the name of North, and I cast you off for ever from me and mine."

Archie went out without an answering word, and Mr. North shut the hall door upon him. Then he crossed the hall and went up the stairs, his boots creaking. Mr. North's boots always creaked; it had a pompous sound, like himself. He was a dark, upright, portly man, with a head well thrown back; eminently respectable, eminently self-important: doing his duties strictly, as respectable men like to do; a large subscriber to charities, a good husband and father; but, in the midst of it all, very hard.

Millicent went back to the open window, and saw Archie North crossing the lawn, the light coat swung on his arm. Was he going away for ever? With a heart sick to faintness, with a confusion of mind that seemed to put everything into a tumult, she ran after him, conscious of nothing but the moment's impulse.

"Archie. Archie."

Archie North turned short round. He was not her cousin, not in fact related to her. If he had begun to love her, however deeply and enduringly, he knew it must be all at an end now.

"What is the matter, Archie?"

"I thought you were out to-night, Millicent."

"No. The others went; I did not care to go. My uncle is angry with you: what is it?"

"Angry!" he repeated, as if the word were a perfect mockery to illustrate Mr. North's state of feeling towards him. "Yes; he is angry."

"But you have not deserved it."

"I have deserved it all; and worse."

With his hand upon her shoulder, he went back across the lawn to the room she had quitted. Standing just within the open window, he looked down upon her while he spoke. The moonlight played upon his troubled face, hard now almost as his uncle's, and lighted up the blue eyes that seemed filled with nothing but a dogged obstinacy.

"I am going away, Millicent. London can no longer hold me, so a distant quarter of the globe must. I have been upon the wrong track this long while. God forgive me! I never meant it to come to this."

She tried to speak, but not a word came in answer. Her lips were white, her throat beating.

"On my soul, I had resolved to do better!—to set about redeeming the past. It was for your sake, Millicent: for your sake. And I should have carried it out, Heaven helping me. When I am far away, my darling; when they tell you wicked stories of me—and yet not wicked in one sense, for they are true—remember this: it was *you* who awoke me to better things. It has been just one faint glimmer of intervening light in a dark career: dark before; doubly dark after, for that's what it will be. God bless you, Millicent."

He clasped her to him with a pressure of iron and kissed her unresisting face, down which the tears were flowing. What Millicent said she did not fully know at the time, and never remembered afterwards; some confused words they were, of redeeming the past, of allowing her fortune to help him redeem it.

"No, no," he said, with a kind of harsh laugh. "I am a great blackguard, Millicent, but not quite so bad a one as that. Thank you for the thought," he added, holding her two hands in his, and looking down into her eyes as she stood before him. "Thank you, *my darling*, for all; thank you, above all, for your love. I do not suppose—bear with me one moment—that we shall ever meet again on this side the grave. If I can redeem things over yonder—but I'd better say nothing of that. My lot will probably be down, down, downwards; you will become the wife of some happy man, and the mother of his children. Fate deals out her prizes unequally. Fare you well; fare you well for ever."

With his coat on his arm as before, he went swinging across the lawn again, leaving Millicent fit to die of the moment's agony. And yet it all seemed so unreal! At the gate, lingering amid the clusters of shrubs that surrounded it, and looking out for him, was John North.

"I couldn't go, Archie, in the uncertainty," he said, coming forth into the moonlight. "How has it ended!"

"How should it end?" returned Archie. "There was only one way."

"You are discarded?"

"Of course I am discarded. Sent adrift. Your father is a harsh man in anything that touches his respectability, or his name's. Nine city magnates out of every ten might have done just the same."

"What shall you do?"

"What I can. He has not been all hardness. He said something about giving me a fresh start in life: paying my passage to Australia, and transmitting fifty pounds, to be touched on my landing there. I am to meet him to-morrow. I don't grumble, John; I've deserved all I've got and more. I shall see you, old fellow, once again before I start."

A late omnibus passed. Archie North hailed it, and got upon the top. And John North went away quickly to the neighboring house, that evening keeping festival.

Poor Millicent! She was dragging herself and her misery up-stairs when her uncle came suddenly out of his room in evening dress. She turned swiftly into a niche in the wall, and stood there until he had passed.

Archibald North set sail for Australia. There was no mystery made about him or his ill-doings, and Millicent heard what the rest heard. He had not been guilty of any crime; had not robbed his uncle's cash-box, or forged his name: but he had been an excessively prodigal sinner on his own score, and come to general grief; he had made an ocean full of disreputable debts, and altogether gone to the bad.

"And he had the opportunity of doing so well!" cried Mr. North, making severe comments in the bosom of his family. "I gave him a stool in my counting-house; I invited him here frequently; and this has been my reward! What he might have gone on to but for my providential discovery of his sins, I shudder to think. Henceforth let his name be unto us as though we had never known him."

And it was so.

* * * * * *

Six years went by, and the seventh was quickly passing. Mr. North and his children prospered and prospered; the ill-doing nephew had never been heard of, and was quite forgotten. Mrs. North was dead; Amy had married; but with the exception of those two losses, the inmates of the old home were the same.

It was Christmas Eve, and bitter weather; ice and frost without, ruddy warmth and comfort within. The dessert-table was drawn to the fire in the dining-room, and Mr. North and his son sat at it. John was deep in the pages of a review he had brought home from town, but Mr. North was only reading the faces in the fire, and sipping his port wine at intervals. He saw that of his dead wife, whom he mourned sincerely, if soberly; he saw that of his absent daughter, who had a happy home of her own; he saw that of his younger son, also married and flourishing. Mr. North's own face was smooth, after the manner of a man who has a calm conscience, and a heavy balance-sheet—and he had both. His ledgers showed increase upon increase; and on the other side he had dispensed largely to Christmas charities, public and private. Had Mr. North's thoughts been laid bare, they would have been seen to ignore altogether a sense of sin, and to run very much after the bent of a certain Pharisee: "I am thankful that I am not as other men are." Mr. North believed himself to be supremely good, and that's a fact; he fully thought he was going swimmingly on in the road that leads direct to Heaven.

He saw other faces in the fire, besides those mentioned; his son's, John who was sitting beside him; and Millicent Carden's. He was wishing they would form a union with each other, those two; he had wished it for some time. Millicent was of age now. In accordance with her father's will, she did not attain her majority until she was twenty-four; and Mr. North had then formally resigned to her his trusteeship, informing her at the same time that she was worth twenty thousand pounds, well invested. Had he been John, he should have proposed to her years ago; times and again he had felt inclined to say a prompting word; but he knew how much better these things work when left alone. Millicent had been ill in the summer with fever—and she did not seem to have recovered entire strength.

"You will be thirty in a few months, John," suddenly observed Mr. North, breaking the silence.

John looked up from his review.

"Yes; getting quite a middle-aged man."

"Not that yet. It will come, though, for years creep on us imperceptibly. Why don't you marry?"

Mr. John North cut two pages of his book before replying.

"I don't know that anybody would have me."

"What nonsense, John! In your case it would be only to ask and have. But if you *don't* ask, why of course—"

Mr. North did not finish the sentence. John laughed, but did not attempt to prolong the subject. His father looked at him—

"Yes, sir, though you may laugh, many would answer 'Yes,' to the asking of John North. But there's one, above all the rest, whom I should wish you to choose."

"Why, who's that?" returned John, in some surprise.

"You need not go far to find her. Millicent Carden."

John North returned to his review again with a slight smile. And it vexed his father.

"Have you no better answer than that to give me?"

"I should not care to marry Millicent. She is my cousin, you know."

"And what though she is your cousin?" indignantly spoke Mr. North. "She has twenty thousand pounds."

John cut his review.

"And she is one of the best and nicest girls that the whole world contains. Don't be a fool, John."

"She is a sweet girl; a charming girl," came the ready assent. "But I have not thought of her as a wife."

"Think now, then."

The silence and the impassive look on his son's face did not seem to promise well for the proposition. Was Mr. North going to be thwarted in his hope?—the doubt showed him how surely he had been indulging it.

"Make your mind up to marry, and take Millicent," urged Mr. North, impressively. "My blessing shall be upon it. John, I have hoped for this union a long while; cherished it, I believe."

John North grew serious then. He closed the book, leaving the paper-knife between its pages.

"I am sorry for that, sir; very sorry to disappoint you, if you have indeed cherished it. I had no idea you were doing anything of the sort. Putting myself entirely out of the question, I am sure Millicent would not have me. She would not have anyone."

"She is well again."

"Her health I was not thinking of, but her inclination. I have never exchanged a word with her upon the subject, but I am fully convinced her intention is not to marry. Millicent had her little romance years ago; and wore it out."

"Why, what do you mean?" cried Mr. North. "Would you insinuate that Millicent was ever in love?"

"Yes; unhappily. With Archie North."

Mr. North stared at his son, as if he were unable at once to take in the words. There was scorn in his eye, contempt in his tone when he answered,

"In love with Archie North! Why, she was a child when he went away."

"Oh no, she was not: a girl of seventeen is as capable of love as a woman of thirty, perhaps more so. Father, I know I am right. And Archie was in love with her."

"Archie, the reprobate!" apostrophised the elder man; and the utter condemnation of the tone, the hatred it expressed, served to prove that the offending nephew had never been forgiven, no not by an iota. "At any rate, if it be as you say, though I doubt it, she has had time to forget her fancy. I would rather say her folly."

"Quite time. But I do not think she has done it."

"And you would make this an objection to the asking her to be your wife? a child's passing fancy! I should have given you credit for more sense."

"Pardon me, sir, I did not say it. My own wishes, for or against, need not be brought into the discussion at all. What I said was, that Millicent would not have me, though I did ask her; and I am sure she would not."

John North opened the book again as he spoke, and went on cutting its leaves. For some little time he had been indulging a day-dream of his own, but it was not connected with Millicent. Mr. North tossed off the glass of port at his elbow and said no more. He had never thought his clever business son so near a fool; and he intended to prove him one.

In the pretty garden room, where you once saw Millicent Carden, you may see her still. They often sat there. The window was closed now, the warm green curtain fell across its shutters in ample folds; the fire burnt clear and bright; the tea waited on the table, and Millicent sat ready to make it. Miss North had gone to a neighbor's, to help dispense to little children the prizes from a Christmas tree, which she had been for some days assisting to adorn.

She sat at the table, waiting for her uncle and cousin to come in. But ah! how altered! Scarcely a trace remained of the winsome, gleeful girl of seventeen, to whom her boy-lover had bidden so abrupt and miserable an adieu six years and a half before. She wore a soft dress of light gray cashmere, and a close white net-cap, very pretty, but simple, nearly, as a Quakeress'. No ornament, save a gold chain, and some fine lace at her wrists. After the summer's fever, her hair grew so thin that they cut it off close, and she had to wear caps; it was growing on now, but she wore the caps still. The features were delicate as of yore; the deep hazel eyes more thoughtful. She looked like one who has passed through tribulation.

For the first time the thought struck Mr. North as he came in to tea. Proving how slow we are, for the most part, to take up indications of the familiar every-day life by which we are surrounded. In the subdued meek manner, the quiet face, the unobtrusive attire, so void of fashion and frivolity, Mr. North saw cause to think his son was right. His unobservant eyes, closed hitherto, were rudely opened.

"But she has had time, and to spare, to forget the folly," he thought. "Even its remembrance must have long ago passed away. John would get her for the asking.

John sat by her now, just as usual. But as Mr. North noted their manners to each other, so entirely that of brother and sister, a slight doubt arose to Mr. North, or rather would have arisen, but that he drove it back again.

"You look tired, Millicent."

"Do I, uncle? I am not tired; although Frances and I have had a busy day, giving away the things. The poor people are all so grateful to you, uncle dear."

Mr. North received the gratitude as his due. He deemed himself quite an earthly angel, in the matter of charity. "All right," he said in answer, "I hope none have been forgotten."

"If Millicent's tired, it must be at our keeping her waiting tea so long," cried John. "It's half-past nine o'clock."

"Time you went for Frances, John," she said.

"I am going. Those little mites were to be put to bed at nine, and she said she did not care to stay after that. She *is* fond of children, is Frances."

He rose to go out as he spoke; but opened the door again, and said a word to Millicent; who nodded an answer, "I shall be ready, John." Mr. North, buried in his own reflections, did not observe it. He was making up his mind to speak to Millicent, and get that absurd question set at rest that John had started. He could not believe it yet; the longer he thought of it the more ridiculous it seemed. And yet he hesitated, lest he might do harm—harm to John's remote chance of succeeding. The tea-things were sent away, and Millicent got out her work, some slippers she was working for John and Mr. North sat on in indecision.

"Another Christmas Eve, Millicent!" he said, when he at length turned round to her. "The years steal upon us, my dear."

"They do that, uncle."

"I have been thinking to-night—one does get thoughtful at Christmas-tide—that it is time you were married."

Millicent looked at him, some wonder in her eyes; and a smile stole over her sweet face.

"You should say that to Frances, uncle. It is her turn first; she is ever so much older than I am."

"Oh, Frances," he slightingly said. "My opinion is she does not think of marriage. She lets her chances slip."

"Neither do I think of it, uncle."

"Nonsense," he testily responded; "I shall insist upon your marrying. I mean I wish you to do it."

"No living person has the right to insist on my course of action; not even you, uncle; I am my own mistress. Forgive me for saying it."

Mr. North's face darkened. "A fable was whispered to me—as a fable I regarded it—that some—some—what shall I call it?—some love nonsense had lain between you and that miserable nephew of mine, who was a disgrace to his name."

A change passed over her face. The eyelids quivered, the mouth grew sad and pale.

Mr. North watched the signs.

"Millicent! was it so? Answer me, child. Surely you can? It must be as a thing dead and buried now."

"Yes, I cared for him. And he for me."

"But you do not care still? You cannot."

"Perhaps not. I suppose not. I think he must be dead," she continued, a kind of weariness in her tone. "He would have been back ere now if he had lived."

"Back!" cried the scandalised man, "back? He'd know better than to venture back here." "Why!" looking condemningly at her, "*you* would not have countenanced him had he come?"

"Yes, I should. Stay a moment, uncle; don't be angry with me. But for believing him to be dead, I could not say this to you. I could not speak of him; I have thought he must be dead—oh, for these three years past. But had he come back with his—his wrong-doings—redeemed, hoping, striving, purposing to do well for the future, why, I would have welcomed him, and helped him in it. Let it pass; why should the discussion arise?"

"And it is for this man's sake—dead, though you admit he probably is—that you deliberately say you will never marry? Shame upon you, Millicent! I am thankful your poor aunt is not alive to hear it."

"I did not say I should never marry," she meekly returned, and her tone was full of pain and contrition, as if accepting as her due the shame he cast on her. "I would not marry now; no one living could tempt me to; but I cannot answer for what I may do in the future—in remote years to come. The probabilities are that I never shall; still I cannot answer for it. We all change so, uncle, as you must know."

It seemed so complete a check to any hopes for his son, that Mr. North was angered beyond repression. He set on and called Archie sundry hard names, recapitulating over his committed sins and offences in a far more comprehensive manner than Millicent had heard in the days of the trouble. She listened without comment, folding up the slipper and putting it away, until his wrath had expended itself and his tongue was fain to cease. She spoke then.

"Yes, uncle, I dare say it was all very true, miserably true; but you know he might not have continued so. There is such a thing as young men awaking to the errors of their course and entering on a better."

Mr. North would have answered that there was no chance of the young man under discussion awaking to the error of his, but that his niece had left the room. She came back with her things on: at which he looked surprised. She and Frances had wished to go to a Christmas-eve service at a church hard by, and John had promised to take them. Even while she was explaining this, they came for her.

Mr. North remained alone. Matters through life had gone so smoothly with him that he could not bear to be crossed. It tried both himself and his temper. He knocked the fire about, he paced the room, he walked into the hall in his restlessness. A good, domesticated girl like Millicent, and twenty thousand pounds, slipping through his favorite son's fingers! Mr. North dashed open the front door, seeking for a breath of the cold fresh air on his hot and angry brow.

It was colder than he thought for; flakes of snow had begun to fall, and there was some ice on the door-step; for Mr. North's feet slipped upon it, and he would have measured his length on the ground but for the extended arm of some visitor, who had approached the door. Mr. North threw his own arm around the pillar, while he took breath and recovered his equanimity.

"Merciful powers! I was all but down!"

"It *is* my uncle!" cried an answering voice. "I was not quite sure of it, sir, until you spoke. May I come in?"

To say that Mr. North recoiled in some terror; to say that he gazed at the speaker in alarm, would not be to say much. *Was* it his nephew, Archie, standing there, or was it not? With the past conversation turning on Archie North, with his mind full of him, Mr. North for one single moment fancied he was being deceived by some spectral vision, and backed into the hall.

Archie followed him and shut the door. It was not the Archie of former days, strong, active, buoyant, but a kind of broken-down man, who was lame, and walked by the help of a stick. Mr. North, seeming almost as if he really fled from a phantom, backed yet again into the parlor he had quitted; Archie and his stick went after him.

There ensued a scene. A scene little fitted for the blessed Christmas-tide about to dawn. When Mr. North had once taken in the fact that it was his nephew in real flesh and blood, and not a deception of fancy, his passion burst out. Archie had come at an unlucky time; but for his uncle's mind having first been freshly embittered against him, he might have met with a less harsh reception.

The traveller strove to explain his appearance and a little of the past. For six years he had been working manfully in Australia; all his bad habits, his careless ways eradicated; he had earned his living, but not enough to put by anything of consequence—great luck did not attend him. A changed man, yearning for his home and friends, he had determined to return to the old country, where he could equally earn a competence; and he set sail. The ship, when she had arrived very near her destination, was wrecked on the coast of the Isle of Wight; and Archie had received an injury on the rocks, from which he was but slowly recovering. It had detained him, and exhausted his available funds. He had written an account of this to Mr. North, which letter he supposed had been delivered that morning, and stated he was following close upon it.

All this he essayed to explain. Mr. North did not catch a word of it. He put up his hands and stormed at him, and for the first time for many years *swore;* he drove him forth, calling him very hard names in the process; he told him he did not know him henceforth, and never had known him since that wicked time seven years ago. Finally he closed and barred the hall door upon him; and the unhappy wanderer limped away across the lawn.

Mr. North sat down over the fire to recover himself. He believed he had done a righteous thing in discarding the once bad man; and his own passion he excused to himself. One cannot be always watchful, says the plastic conscience. Snatches of Archie's explanation stole into his mind now imperfectly, though he had not seemed to hear any of it at the time; amidst them a confused reminiscence of his having said he had but eighteenpence in the world.

"And that's more than he deserves," quoth Mr. North, savagely. "How dared he come back with his disgrace? How dared he show himself at my—"

A tremendous ring at the hall-bell cut short the speech. Mr. North started up with an evil cry of rage; he thought the fellow had come back again, and hastened across the hall to drive him away, calling out to his servants not to come, that he'd answer the door himself. And he unbarred it.

But he was wrong. The postman stood there, and put a letter into his hand.

"You are late," growled Mr. North.

"Yes, sir, the delivery is heavy to-night, and the roads are so slippery, one has to walk with caution."

The letter was from Archie; the one he had supposed would have been already received. Mr. North flung it on the table, in a climax of passion, and let it lie there.

The joyous peal of the church bells broke upon his ear, ringing in Christmas. It was a sweet melody; and Mr. North remembered how his wife in her last Christmas, when

she was sitting in that very chair close at his elbow, had remarked that she could fancy they spoke the words, "Peace on earth; good will toward men." There was not much of peace, or good will either, in Mr. North's heart this evening.

He heard his children entering; and taking up the letter, thrust it into his pocket out of sight, unopened. The only wonder was, that he did not put it effectively away from sight, on the fire. Spiced wine, cake, and other good things were brought in; and they sat round the red coals, talking pleasantly, quite unconscious that Mr. North's plumage had been ruffled. Millicent sat by her uncle; she put her hand on his arm, that lay on the elbow of his chair, as if she would intimate that the little rupture between them was over and forgotten.

"I wish you had gone with us, uncle; I think you would have liked it. The singing was so good, and the sermon beautiful. It only lasted ten minutes, but it was full of love and peace. He asked us how we could expect God's love to reach us if we did not love our fellow creatures; he said this was the season for the putting away of evil passions and hatred, and for receiving the loving spirit of Christ into our hearts, who had done so much for us."

"What sort of a night is it?" responded Mr. North, his tone testy and impatient—as if there were something in Millicent's words that grated on his temper.

"Snowing," answered John. "We shall have a white Christmas."

Mr. North went to rest after the others, and by that time, what with the fire and the good things he had taken, was in a tolerably genial humor. But he could not get to sleep. Down deep in his conscience something sharp was stinging and pricking, and making itself inconveniently felt. Tossing and turning from side to side, it was four o'clock in the morning before he got to sleep.

And he woke up at six. He awoke with a great horror within, and perspiration without. He sat up in bed and stared out into the darkness; and only discovered by degrees that what he had been dreaming was a dream, and not reality.

It was a dream that shook him to the core; a vivid scene so like life; and the terror, the dismay, the remorse that overwhelmed him were so indisputably felt—felt still in all their agony, now that he was wide awake—that Mr. North for the moment verily thought it must have been a vision sent to him, like unto the visions of old in the days of the patriarchs.

He had dreamt over again the scene of the past night, or very much of it—of the return of Archibald North and his thrusting him out. He further dreamt that he had gone forth to pursue him with his anger, and went stamping up hill and down dale unable to find him. Suddenly he found himself in a road-side field, about half a mile from his own home, and there, by the pond, he saw Archie lying dead, his upturned face calm and serene, pale but pleasant to look upon, as if its owner had passed to a blissful rest. All in a moment, the most intense remorse took possession of Mr. North as he gazed: he thought that he himself was also dead, and was about to answer for his sins. One that looked like an angel, clad in radiant white, stood there with a severe and pitying countenance; severe in its condemnatory anger, *pity* for the man who had *forfeited* peace for ever. "Pardon, Lord, pardon!" he had cried out in his desperate anguish, knowing all the time that pardon was impossible; and a soft, sweet, mournful wail had sounded in his ear the refusing answer: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Mr. North awoke. Horror lay on his heart; sweat, as of the death agony, on his brow. It was some time before he could believe he was yet in this state of existence; it was much longer before he could in the least overcome the agitation that shook his soul.

In all reactions, such as this, the feelings necessarily run into exaggeration. The harshness of the previous night appeared to Mr. North in the worst light possible; a heinous crime; a sin that perhaps even yet, although the world was his still, he might never find forgiveness for. It stared him in the face in all the vivid coloring that newly-awakened remorse wears. Ay, and not only this last act, but the whole course of his doings by Archibald in the years gone by, came rolling before him as waves in a sea of fire.

"His own brother's son! his own brother's son!" were the words that kept beating their burthen on his brain. His brother whom he had loved very dearly when they were boys together; and who, when dying, had asked him to take care of his boy Archie. How had Mr. North responded to the dying prayer? It is true he had given Archie a stool in his counting-house, and told him he'd get on if he took care, but he had not held out a hand to save him from sin. He had left him to get lodgings where he could, abandoning him (he saw it now) to the perils of a London life. And when Archie went wrong and his tribulations were laid bare, he had hurled him forth upon the world, unforgiven. Those tribulations of poor Archie's were as nothing, to the dire tribulations that rent himself now. And the refrain kept on and on, repeating itself for ever—His own brother's son! his brother's son!

So certainly did Mr. North appear to have seen the dead body lying by the pond, every little particular being as clear as a witnessed scene, that but for the sense of shame that lay in attending to a dream, he would have got up and gone to look at the spot. As it was, he lay till daylight. Drawing his blind aside, he saw that the ground was covered with snow; but not a deep snow; and the sky looked tolerably clear now. Perhaps a more miserable man than Mr. North when he dressed himself was not to be found that day in London. God had shown the self-righteous Pharisee his sin.

The children (he was apt to call them children still, as we all do, however old they may get) came up to kiss him as he entered the breakfast-room, Frances first. "Dear papa; I wish you a happy Christmas, and a great many many of them!" And so they all followed; and Mr. North nearly groaned by way of answer.

What a room of luxury it was! a bright and blazing fire, a plenteous breakfast. Tea and coffee in their silver pots, savory meats warm and cold, the pate de foie gras, sent to his orders direct from Strasbourg, forming the centre dish. All this for him, the hard, selfish man, and for his children; but where was his brother's son?

He could not eat. John asked him if he had a headache, and he answered yes; and when the breakfast was over, turned his chair to the fire. Where *was* he? With only eighteen pence in his pocket, how could he find shelter and food? That the calamity he dreamt of had not happened, Mr. North felt sure of now, since no news had come, for the pond was within view of the road, and any one lying near it could not fail to be seen.

When left alone, he drew the letter from his pocket, and opened it. It contained an account of Archie's life in Australia; of his shipwreck and injury on the coast of the Isle of Wight; just what he had wished to tell the previous night. "Do not, my dear uncle, think I am coming back to be a burthen on you, or to disgrace you," it concluded. "Disgrace and folly, thank heaven, I left behind in England, when that severe lesson was read to me, just six years and six months ago. I have a little money (it is a good thing I did not bring it with me in the ship) lodged in the hands of some Australian merchants, who have a branch house in London, and I shall soon be earning more. They have offered me a lucrative post in their London house, which I think I shall accept. I know how justly angry you were with me when I went away; but I hope you will forgive me and receive me, the prodigal son, and let me spend a happy Christmas day with you all in the dear old home. I am not quite up to travelling yet, but I must come; I have set my heart upon it. Do you remember the cake that Amy used to make to be cut after dinner on Christmas day, with a gold and an iron ring in it? Do you remember the hopes and fears as to who should get the rings?—and the laughing and the fun? I hope the cake is an institution still. I would not miss it this year for the world, and so I shall come—and send on this letter to prepare my way for me. Dear uncle! the random boy has become a steady man; the scapegrace has put away his sins for wisdom; the careless ne'er-do-well has changed to one of earnest purpose. You will not refuse to welcome him!"

Mr. North held the letter in his hand, and gazed at its writing (that such a thing should have to be told of him!) until his tears dropped fast upon it. It was so different from what he had expected; it was no begging letter, this. And he had turned him out with harsh words. Where was he?—where was he? Mr. North put on his hat and went down the road, as if to take a little walk before service. No; the pond lay there still enough, but Archibald was not lying by it.

They went to church; and Mr. North did his best to hide from others that he could not attend to the prayers. Peace on earth and good will to all men! What had he to do with it now? Oh, he seemed very, very far from Him whom the angels heralded in with those glorious words. It was as if a great gulf had sprung up between him and heaven. He did not dare to say the Sacrament, and he wondered how worthy in God's sight he must have been in the past Christmas days to partake of it. Not a single cry for forgiveness went up from his closed lips; his sense of sin lay too heavily upon him.

They dined at four; it had been the Christmas hour when the children were young, and it was never altered. There was no cake now; somehow sobriety in the later years had fallen upon them, and Amy, who was the cake-maker, had gone. She and her husband were to have dined there this day, but were prevented. The only guests were two young ladies, orphans, one of whom (she was but a governess) made John North's day dream. And he meant to tell her so, though he foresaw it would bring disappointment to his father.

It was a well-spread board; the turkey a prize; the plum-pudding rich and radiant; but Mr. North could scarcely swallow a morsel; every bit seemed fit to choke him, every drop to chill him. Sitting by himself in the little garden room before dinner, he had lived over the interview of the previous night; he had lived over (oh, worse than all) the dream. A nasty superstition was beginning to creep upon him, he who had never been given to superstition in all his life; that the dream must have come to him as a foreshadowing of the truth, and that Archibald was really dead.

Perhaps he was in the pond, instead of beside it? The cold sweat broke over Mr. North at the sudden thought, just as it had when awaking from the dream. An awful dread, that it was so, took possession of him; a conviction so sure that he looked upon it as a prevision. No wonder he could not eat any dinner.

But, if it had not been for his own preoccupation, he must have seen that some unusual emotion was stirring Millicent. She wore her little net cap, but the cheeks it shaded were crimson, the eyes had a sweet light of expectation; her blue silk dress was nearly as gay as the dresses of yore. Little did Mr. North suspect that Millicent had read the letter. In his troubled state he had contrived to drop it in the morning, before going to the pond; Frances had picked it up, read it, thinking it no breach of faith, and shown it to Millicent. But they kept their own counsel, and concluded that the evident perturbation of Mr. North must be connected with this.

He could not sit there. His brother's son; his own brother's son! Making some inaudible excuse of a headache, of not wanting dessert, he left the table at the close of dinner, and stole out of the house by a side door, very much as though he were going to a funeral. That Archibald was in the pond seemed to have grown into a certainty—perhaps had thrown himself in, broken-hearted, after that cruel reception—and Mr. North could not keep from it. It drew him to it with a kind of fascination, just as surely and helplessly as he felt that he was drifting further and further away from heaven.

The snow was falling again; the air keen; and Mr. North had to walk slowly and carefully along the road because of the ice, until he turned on to the field. Crunching the snow beneath his feet, he paced round and round the pond and strained his eyes into it; and saw nothing. But for the utter despair that lay upon him, the lively sense of guilt in the sight of God, a petitioning cry had gone up to heaven that there might be no one lying beneath its waters. With the morrow he would confess to Archibald's visit and have the pond dragged. How bear the suspense until then? How bear it?

He took the field way home; the snow was less dangerous than the ice; and by-and-bye dragged his weary limbs through a gate in the remote part of his own grounds, into which the fields opened. Scarcely had he done this when a groan broke upon his ear. A groan, and then another; and then something like a faint voice, speaking faint words.

"Halloa! what's that?" called out Mr. North.

"Uncle! Is it you?"

With a rush as of burning heat coursing on through all his veins, Mr. North turned to the spot, and saw Archie lying in a kind of dry ditch, or dyke. He was not dead: but he would surely have died, left there another night. The explanation was simple. On his way to an inn up the road, where he thought he might sleep, when driven forth the previous night, he had taken the more sheltered and well-remembered path through the grounds, in preference to the slippery highway. Awkward from his lameness, deceived by the snow, he had wandered from the path, missed his footing at the edge of the dyke, and fallen into it. Upon essaying to rise he found he could not, he believed his leg was broken. Too far off to attract attention, though he had called at intervals until strength and voice were alike exhausted, there he had lain ever since.

Mr. North was not of a demonstrative nature; but there may arise moments in all men's lives where emotion has its way more or less. He could not get to Archie in the dyke, without stooping down in the most inconvenient fashion, but he held one uplifted hand between his, stroking it tenderly as a fond mother may stroke her little child's.

"If you can find one or two men, uncle, just to carry me to the inn and to get a surgeon?"

To the inn! Mr. North bounded along the path to his home at a faster rate than he had tried since his days of youth and slenderness. The tears were raining from his eyes at the wondrous mercy vouchsafed to him; and in the glad thankfulness that his sin was not irredeemable, his mouth, like unto Daniel's of old, could once more open: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

They carried Archie in. The surgeon was there and did what was requisite, and said he would want good nursing. Mr. North gently answered that he would be tended as his own son. Millicent was admitted then. Their hands met together, their eyes looked straight into each other's, and they knew that the boy and girl love had lasted in all its brightness; that sadness and separation were now over.

"To think that he should have lain there for eighteen hours with nothing to eat!" lamented Miss North, who was of a practical turn.

"But I didn't, Frances," spoke up Archie. "I had by chance a hard biscuit in my pocket, and eat it this morning."

"After all, it has been a *blessed* Christmas Day," murmured Mr. North to himself that night in his bed-chamber, as he put up his hands reverently. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

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☞ An actor, on his benefit night, having a very limited audience, when he came to the often quoted passage—"'Tis not in mortals to command success; we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it," heaved a deep sigh, and substituted for the last line: "We'll do more, Sempronius—we'll do without it."

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☞ "Mother, have I got any children?" asked an urchin of eight summers. "Why, no. What put that into your head, my boy?" "Because I read in a book to-day about children's children." "Here, Biddy, the child is feverish; wash him in ice water, and put him to bed."

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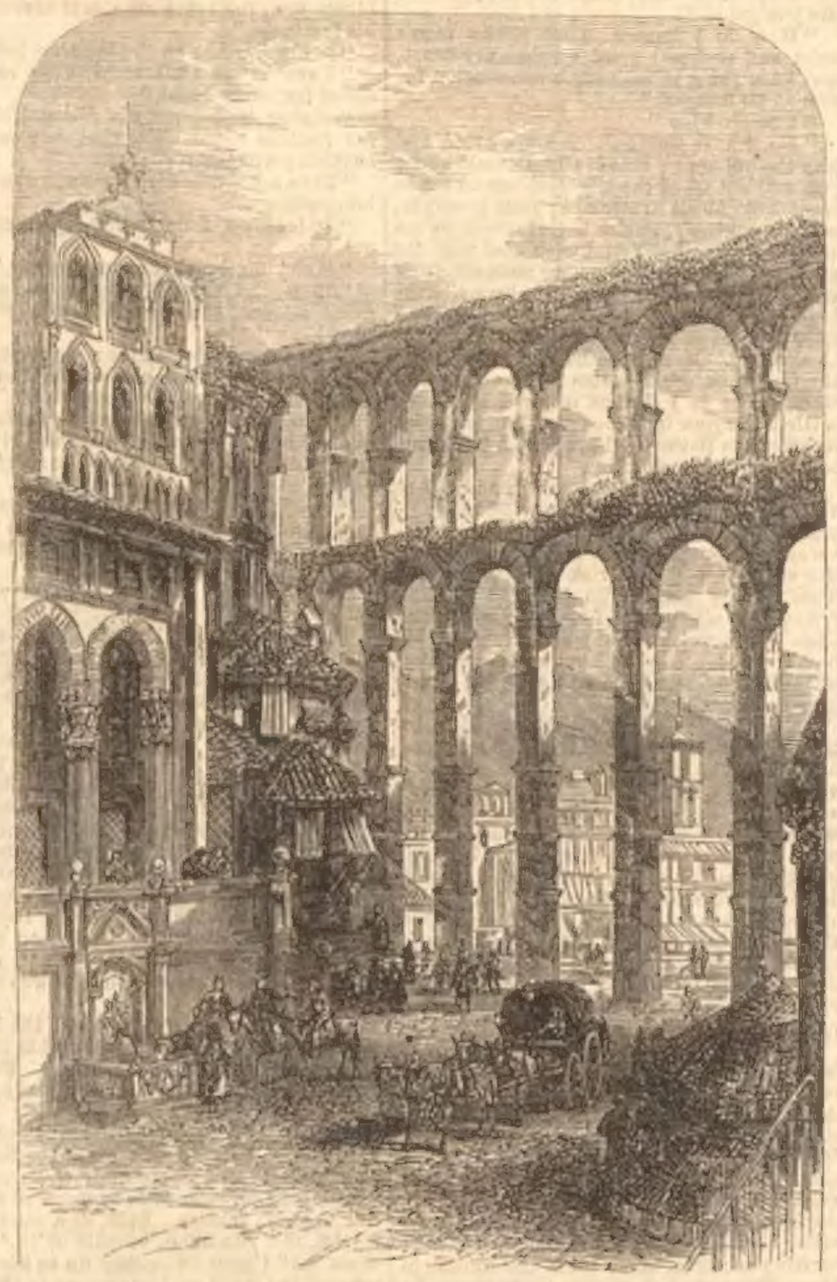
☞ A white garment appears worse with slight soiling than do colored garments much soiled; so a little fault in a good man attracts more attention than great offences in bad men.



## A ROMAN AQUEDUCT.

The traveller in Spain sees continually evidences of the greatness which has been—mementoes of the grand Roman or the beauty-loving Moor. The Aqueduct at Segovia—represented above—was the work of the Romans. For more than nine miles does this splendid structure convey pure water to the city. The central arches are upwards of one hundred feet in height, and nothing can be more picturesque than the view of these tiers of beautiful arches rising one above the other.

One knows not in Spain which most to admire, the Roman remains—relics of that wonderful people who never planted their proud eagles in any country without leaving lasting traces of their presence—or the works of the poetic, romantic, chivalrous, and pleasure-loving Moors; or again, the grand stately buildings of the sterner Goths, widely differing from both the other races in almost every attribute.

How beautiful is the splendid Moorish gateway of rich harmonious red brick! Then how truly picturesque is the mass of varied buildings, convents, palaces, and churches, all heaped together on some rising ground, the rocky pinnacles standing out in fine contrast from the ancient ruins.

# THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### THE REVOLUTION.

We will now return to the Hacienda del Bario, in order to explain to the reader certain important events which had occurred, the knowledge of which is indispensable to understand coming facts. The conspirators, after the departure of Count de Melgosa, whose unexpected visit had so disagreeably surprised them, had immediately separated, not through any fear of the consequences which this visit might have for them, but, on the contrary, to arm their peons and adherents, and put themselves as quickly as possible in a position to resist any attempted aggression on the part of the Spanish government.

The Mexicans, instructed and hardened to war by ten years' fighting and their numerous defeats, were no longer the half-savage men who marched without order or discipline, impelled solely by religious fanaticism or the ardent love of liberty, and let themselves be bravely slaughtered by the old Spanish bands on the plains of Calderon. Hidalgo and Morelos, those sublime champions of liberty, had lost their lives in their generous attempts at emancipation; but their blood had not in vain bedewed that Mexican soil which the Spaniards fancied enslaved forever. Other chiefs, electrified by the heroic devotion of their predecessors, had risen in their turn, and, profiting by past errors, organized the revolt, and gradually, by their skillful and incessant guidance, the insurrection, at first timid and retired, extended, and eventually became a revolution.

The knell of Spain had rung; her power, ruined on all sides, crumbled away in hands too feeble to hold it. The viceroys of New Spain, incessantly pressed, were involuntarily forced to try concessions—a fatal resolve for tyranny, which it is impossible to check, for no sooner is one difficulty smoothed than another larger and more formidable rises up. The supreme struggle began. The proclamation of Iguala, published by General Iturbide—that is to say, the independence of New Spain, union between the Spanish and Mexican races, and the exclusive maintenance of the Catholic religion—gave the signal for revolt. It was general; insurgent bands were organised on all sides.

Don Pelagio Sandoval summoned all the hacienderos of the province, and two days after the conference we have described, the insurgent forces, amounting to more than ten thousand well-armed men, infantry and cavalry, and having a battery of six mountain guns, quitted the Hacienda del Bario, where their chief only left a weak garrison to hold the Indians in check, and advanced by forced marches on Cohahuila. This capital of the province was a town of nine or ten thousand souls, built on an affluent of the Rio Salino, surrounded by walls, and, owing to the arrangements made long before by General Cardenas, it was perfectly defended from a surprise. The progress of the insurrectionary army was truly a triumphant march. At each step reinforcements reached it, and the Mexicans everywhere took up arms. Leona Vicario, Castanuello, Parras, Nueva Bilbao, and Santa Rosa expelled the Spaniards, and proclaimed their independence by hoisting the green, white, and red flag, the emblem of the three guarantees of the treaty of Iguala, independence, union, and religion.

Don Pelagio Sandoval, not wishing to leave any enemy in his rear, suddenly attacked the Presidio of the Rio Grande as well as the forts of the Agua Verde and Bahia, built on the Rio del Norte, in order to protect the border against Indian forays, and after a vigorous resistance, carried them by storm. The insurgent general, in order not to embarrass his army with prisoners, contented himself with disarming the Spanish garrisons, and left them free to retire wherever they pleased. This merciful policy formed too great a contrast with the rigorous system hitherto adopted by the government, not to produce a good result, whose effect was immediately felt; many officers and soldiers, natives of New Spain, offered their swords to the insurrection, and passed into the ranks of the Mexican army. One town alone still resisted the general movement and remained faithful to Spain; this town was Cohahuila.

General Don Lopez de Cardenas, at the first insurrectionary movement, called in all the Spanish garrisons scattered through the other towns, which he despaired of defending effectually against the formidable forces of the insurgents, and shut himself up in Cohahuila, resolved to bury himself beneath the smoking ashes sooner than open the gates to men whom he regarded as miserable rebels, deceived and seduced by a fanatic priest. After proclaiming independence in all the towns of the province, and establishing the national government, Don Pelagio led on Cohahuila the forces at his disposal, which, as we said, had been largely augmented by the contingents constantly supplied by the liberals, and now rose to the really formidable number of 25,000 men.

The Mexicans reached the town after meeting with no further obstacle than a considerable cavalry corps, probably sent to reconnoitre, and which, after exchanging a few carbine shots with the vanguard, declined a contest and fell back. The town was immediately invested. General Cardenas was not only an old soldier, but also a skillful strategist; in the prevision of a revolt, he had abundance of arms and ammunition at Cohahuila, and so soon as he was shut up in the town, he had earth breastworks thrown up, and wide ditches dug. Hence a regular siege was about to begin against an enemy who was too well aware of the hatred he had aroused not to offer a vigorous resistance. The priest's first care was to trace a parallel, and throw up entrenchments. The flag of independence was haughtily hoisted on the jackal, which served as headquarters, and Don Pelagio summoned the town to surrender. On hearing the Mexican bugles, General Cardenas appeared on the ramparts, surrounded by a large party of Spanish officers, smart as gold lace could make them.

"Who are you and what do you want?" he said in a haughty voice, addressing the officer who commanded the Spanish detachment.

This officer was Don Annibal de Salibar, whom General Sandoval had made his first aid-de-camp and major-general. Don Annibal held in his hand his drawn sword, to the blade of which a white scarf was fastened.

"Who are you?" he answered; "I have orders only to address Don Lopez de Cardenas, commanding the town."

"And governor of the province," the general interrupted sarcastically.

"The province no longer recognizes the power of the Spanish government."

"Indeed," he said; "and pray what do you want with General Cardenas?"

"I can only tell that to himself."

"Well, speak without further delay, for he is listening to you."

Don Annibal bowed.

"I have orders," he said, "to summon you to surrender the town immediately to General Don Pelagio Sandoval, commander-in-chief of the Mexican forces of the province of Cohahuila."

"Ah, ah!" said the general, biting his moustache.

"General Sandoval," Don Annibal continued, "invites you to arrange an interview with him in order to discuss the terms of the capitulation."

General Cardenas could not stand this any longer; the demands of the insurgents seemed to him so absurd, that he burst into a laugh, in which his officers joined. Don Annibal was not at all affected by this unseasonable hilarity; he stood coldly with folded arms, waiting till the general thought proper to become serious again.

"Well, my good fellow," the latter said presently; "are you still there?"

"Certainly, general, and shall remain till you are pleased to answer me."

"Diablos, your pretensions are too exaggerated. Learn that I know no other army in New Spain but the Spanish. As for the cuadrilla of bandits surrounding the town at this moment, and the cabecilla who commands it, to whom you dare give the title of general, listen carefully to this: I do not treat with rebels, wretched slaves who have revolted against their masters. I consented to listen to you to the end, and not have you shot at once, but do not try my patience too far. Retire, and be careful not to be the bearer of such messages in future, for a misfortune would happen to you; that is the only answer I can and will give you. Now, make haste to be off, if you do not wish me to give the order to treat you as you deserve."

"Take care, general," Don Annibal answered, intrepidly, "the struggle you are hurrying on is an impious one, the cause you defend is a lost one. Through humanity, if not through conviction, spare the useless shedding of innocent blood, which will fall on your head."

"Send a couple of bullets at that chatterer," the general said, with a shrug of his shoulders, as he turned to the troops present at this interview.

The soldiers obeyed, and several bullets, badly aimed, perhaps purposely so, whistled portentously past the ears of the brave hacendero. The latter, who had fully heard the order given by the general, did not attempt to avoid them, but merely removed the white scarf from his sword and threw it from him.

"Of what use is a flag of truce," he said, "when you have to deal with hangmen who despise the law of nations. Farewell, General Cardenas; I had forgotten the name which the inhabitants of this province have branded you with; you have just reminded me of it."

After bowing ironically to the Spaniards, he made a sign to his escort to follow him, and retired with a slow, calm step, as if he had nothing to fear from the man whom he thus outraged. The general had raised his

head and opened his mouth, probably to give some terrible order; but he succeeded in restraining himself. He smiled cunningly as he looked after the flag of truce who had so audaciously braved him, and, as he left the ramparts, said—

"Come, caballeros, we will return to the cabildo. The bark of those scoundrels is worse than their bite. I trust before long to prove to them that they were right to christen me 'the Shark.'"

Don Annibal returned to the jacal, where Father Sandoval was waiting for him, surrounded by his staff. The general of the insurgents knew perfectly well that the summons he sent his enemy would remain unanswered, or, if he deigned to give one, that it would be of an insulting nature; but he thought himself bound to take this step, in order to have right entirely on his side, by forcing General Cardenas, with whose character he was thoroughly acquainted, to commit one of those bloodthirsty acts to which he was accustomed. Such a deed would permit him to make every effort to carry the town and capture the general, of whom he purposed to make an example. Father Sandoval's calculations were perfectly correct. General Cardenas had not hesitated to give orders to fire on a flag of truce. He had done even more, as the Mexican officers soon learned from the formidable clamor that rang along the whole army.

During the skirmish which took place a short distance from the town, the Spaniards took six or seven prisoners—poor peons, not so well mounted as their comrades, and who had not been able to rejoin the army so speedily as they might have liked. These prisoners were taken into the town, and as ill luck would have it the general perceived them as he entered the cabildo. On seeing them he could not restrain his fury, but ordered that they should at once be led to the ramparts, and hung in the sight of the Mexican army. In vain did the officers try to dissuade him. The general was inexorable, and the poor fellows were hung without any trial. They heaved their last sigh at the very moment when Don Annibal de Saldibar entered the jackal, and the army burst into a fearful clamor, which caused the Mexican general and his officers to shudder with horror and passion.

The siege consequently began under mournful auspices. Every insurgent who fell into the hands of the Spaniards was hung on the ramparts. General Cardenas had sworn to make a wall of corpses round the town. On their side, the Mexicans mercilessly massacred the hapless Spaniards whom the chances of war delivered into their hands. It was in vain that Padre Sandoval implored his comrades to spare their enemies. The exasperation of the Mexicans was at its height, and they remained deaf to the prayers and orders of their chief. At the same time the Spanish general defended himself like a lion. Every patch of ground gained by the insurgents was disputed inch by inch, and cost streams of blood.

The town had been invested for seven days, and as yet there was no prospect that it would be soon captured. On the eighth day, Father Sandoval received a copy of the treaty signed by General Iturbide and the Viceroy O'Donoju. This treaty stated substantially that Mexico was declared independent, on the condition of establishing a constitutional and representative monarchy, of which a member of the family of the Spanish Bourbons should be nominated King. The viceroy understood the critical position in which the interests of the home country were placed, and despairing completely to preserve to Spain the possession of this rich colony, he skillfully turned the question, so as to save as much as he could.

This treaty terminated the war; but Father Sandoval did not know how to communicate the fact to General Cardenas. After the menaces made by that general, and the summary executions that followed them, no one cared to go to him. Don Annibal, ever ready to sacrifice himself for the common welfare, offered to proceed to the general. The latter, contrary to expectation, let the flag of truce enter the town, and even received him with a certain amount of courtesy, which surprised Don Annibal himself, especially after the manner in which the first interview he had with him ended.

The hacendero handed the general a copy of the treaty, adding that he hoped this document would put a stop to the bloodshed. The general took the paper, which he read attentively twice, as if weighing all its clauses. While he was perusing it, Don Annibal tried in vain to follow on his face the effect it produced; but the general's features seemed carved in marble, and no emotion was visible on them.

"My answer will be brief, caballero," he said, in a dry voice, but with an accent of gloomy resolution. "In my opinion, the Viceroy O'Donoju has no power to settle so serious a question as the independence of New Spain. The king, my master and his, delegated him, not to throw away this colony, but to keep it for him at all risks. This deed is therefore null, so long as the King of Spain and the Indies has not ratified it. As for me, caballero, I shall not resign the authority entrusted to me. A royal order alone will make me return my sword to the scabbard from which I have drawn it. Whatever the consequences of this resolution may be to me, I shall wait for that order. Good day."

The general bowed slightly to the flag of truce, and turned away as if to make him understand that his audience was over. Don Annibal withdrew, and was conducted to the advanced posts with bandaged eyes, although treated with the utmost respect by the soldiers told off as his escort. The chief of the Liberals was most anxiously awaiting the return of his embassy, as he feared, with some show of reason, that the general, despising, as usual, the law of nations, had made him undergo unworthy treatment. Hence it was with extreme pleasure that he saw Don Annibal return. Unhappily, the reply brought by the hacendero did not leave the slightest hope of peace. Father Sandoval, though recognizing in his heart the wisdom of his enemy's conduct, resolved with a sigh of regret to deal a heavy blow, and made his preparations accordingly.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### ON THE TRAIL.

Oliver Clary left Don Melchior's room in a very thoughtful state; the count followed him, not venturing to address him, as he seemed so pre-occupied. On reaching the patio, where peons were holding two horses for them, the adventurer stopped, struck his forehead, and then turning to the count, said—

"You cannot come with me."

"Why not?" the count asked; "where are you going?"

"How do I know? That young man's calm and resigned grief crushes my heart, and I am going to seek some consolation for him at all hazards."

"You are kind."

"No, I have suffered. I know grief, and pity the unhappy; that is all. Remain here; you will not be of the slightest use to me in what I am about to attempt; your presence, on the contrary, might be injurious to me and to yourself. You had better wait for me here. Watch that young man carefully and show him the greatest kindness. Perhaps, on my return I shall tell you more; I have a doubt on my mind which I am anxious to clear up. Heaven grant that I may meet the man in search of whom I am going. One word more: if I do not return at the hour settled, use your influence over Don Melchior to keep him patient. Farewell, I am about to attempt impossibilities."

And leaving the count amazed, and not at all understanding these mysterious and apparently unconnected remarks, the adventurer leapt on his horse, and galloped down the steep hill at the risk of breaking his neck twenty times. So soon as he had crossed the stream and found himself in the open country, the Canadian checked his horse's pace, turned its head in the direction of the Rio Grande del Norte, and put on his considering cap.

The worthy Canadian, with a reckless temerity characteristic of the woodrangers, had formed the plan of setting out in search of a village or encampment of Indios bravos, as he felt convinced, after what had occurred a few days previously, that there must be one in the neighborhood. By joining the Red Skins he would have no difficulty, thanks to his thorough knowledge of Indian manners, in obtaining information about the fate of the ladies, which would enable him afterwards to attempt one of those daring strokes to which he was accustomed, and which had so often proved successful.

The idea was good, but the execution offered extraordinary difficulties. A trail is a very awkward thing to follow in a desert or in a savage country, where there are no other tracks but those made by wild beasts. Still, a good woodranger, when he has once discovered the beginning of a trail, however confused it may be, always succeeds in reaching the other end. But the trail must exist, that is to say, some sign, however fugitive or slight, must warn the hunter in what direction the people he is pursuing have gone. But, under the present circumstances, that was not the Canadian's situation; the trail he proposed to follow he must, to a certain extent, invent, as he was entering the desert without any settled purpose, and entirely trusting to chance, that great performer of miracles.

The adventurer did not conceal from himself the difficulties of his enterprise, hence, he tried, as far as possible, to get chance over to his side. When he had forded the river and found himself on Indian territory, the hunter carefully inspected his weapons, in the probable event of his being obliged to use them; then, after riding for about a mile straight ahead, he threw the bridle on his horse's neck and let it follow its own impulses, and that infallible instinct which animals possess, and which puts human reason to shame. After a few moments' hesitation, the noble animal shook its head several times, stretched out its neck, and suddenly seeming to form a determination, started in a direction exactly opposite to that which its master had hitherto compelled it to follow.

"Good," the Canadian said. "I'll bet two jaguar skins to a musk rat's that we shall soon have some news."

And he let his horse go on, contenting himself with carefully examining the thick scrub as he passed and the tall grass through which he rode with great difficulty, in order not to let himself be attacked unawares by an invisible foe. It was about nine in the morning, the hour most pleasant for travelling in these torrid latitudes. For about an hour the Canadian thus advanced haphazard, when suddenly a bullet whizzed past his ear.

"Who is the clumsy scoundrel turning me into a target?" the hunter said, coolly, as he halted and looked around; "devil take the animal for missing me so stupidly."

A slight smoke, which rose a short distance off, from the grass, soon indicated to him the spot whence the shot was fired; without hesitation, he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks, and dashed in that direction, resolved to take a prompt revenge for this unfair attack. But almost immediately a hurried motion commenced in the tall grass; it parted under the pressure of a vigorous hand, and an Indian appeared. It was Running Water, holding in his hand the gun he had just used, the barrel of which was still smoking.

"Hang it, chief," the Canadian said gayly, "it must be confessed that you have a strange way of putting your question."

"My brother must pardon me; it is not my fault," the Indian answered.

"That you missed me," the Canadian interrupted him laughingly. "By Jove, I am convinced of that, for the bullet almost passed through my hair."

"My brother will not understand me. I did not recognize him. Had I done so, I should not have fired on the man to whom I owe my life."

"Nonsense! on the prairie that is of no consequence, chief; but, excepting the rather rough way in which you bade me welcome, I am delighted at having met you."

"My brother is now the friend of a chief; he is in safety on our hunting-grounds."

"So it seems," the adventurer replied mockingly.

Running Water's face assumed an expression of sorrow.

"My brother, then, will not pardon an unhappy mistake, at which he sees his friend broken-hearted."

"Come, come, chief, let us say no more about it; there was more noise than hurt. I am glad to see you at liberty again, and, according to appearances, in good case. You have not taken long to procure weapons."

"The chief is on his own territory," the Indian answered, with a flash of pride.

"Very good, I admit that, although I fancy you venture rather close to the Spanish border."

"I am not alone."

"That is probable. I do not wish to know the motives that bring you to these parts; that is your business, although I suspect a hearty Indian revenge behind it."

An evil smile played round the chief's thin lips.

"Vengeance is the virtue of the red men," he answered in a hollow voice; "they never forget kindness and never pardon wrong."

"I am aware of that, chief, and I cannot blame you, for every man acts according to his instincts."

"Is my brother on the hunting trail?"

"I am on no trail, chief, I am rambling about for amusement."

Running Water gave a distrustful look, for Indians never allow that any one does anything without a motive.

"Then my brother is not going anywhere?" he continued.

"Indeed no, I am letting my horse guide me."

"Wah! my brother is very merry."

"It is the case, I assure you; and the proof is, that so soon as I leave you I shall turn back."

The Indian reflected for a moment.

"Will my brother consent to smoke the calumet at the fire of a chief?"

"I do not see any obstacle. Indian hospitality is great; and my ride has given me an appetite which I shall not be sorry to appease."

"Good; my brother will have no cause to complain of his friend. Let him follow, and he will soon be able to satisfy his hunger."

"Go on then, chief, and I will walk in your footsteps."

The Indian turned away, and re-entered the tall grass, where the hunter followed him without hesitation. Their march lasted but a few minutes, and they reached the camp of the Comanches, which was so well concealed among trees and bushes, that the Canadian might have passed close by and not noticed it. The Indian display extraordinary skill in the choice of their temporary encampments on the prairie; the most skillful hunter cannot compete with them in the cleverness with which they hide their presence however large their numbers may be. Hence the camp which the Canadian now reached, was composed of upwards of two hundred Indians, and yet nothing led him to suspect that he was so near them.

A thing that greatly surprised the hunter was, that he noticed a considerable number of women and children in camp. The Red Skins rarely travel with their families, unless they are going to change their abode. The periods of these migrations is indicated beforehand, and the year was not sufficiently advanced for the Comanches to leave their winter village, or dare to venture so near to the Spanish border. Still, as a good diplomatist, the Canadian, in spite of the suspicions that began to spring up in his mind, seemed to attach no importance to this unusual circumstance, and did not make the slightest allusion to a subject which would doubtless arouse the distrust of his suspicious hosts.

The reception which the Comanches gave him was most cordial; Running Water especially, by all sorts of attentions, sought to make Clary forget the rather rough manner in which he had accosted him. The latter met the chief's advances half-way, and the most frank cordiality continued to preside over their chance meeting. When the breakfast, simple, like all Indian meals, and entirely composed of venison, was ended, the guests lit their pipes, and each began talking upon indifferent matters.

Still the Canadian did not let out of sight the motive which had urged him to enter the prairie; and while smoking, he thought over the means of quietly veering the conversation round to the point he desired, although he did not dare ask the chief any direct question, for he was aware of his craft. The pretext which the hunter vainly sought, Running Water very naturally supplied, in the following way As usually happens between men accustomed to a desert life, the conversation gradually settled upon hunting, an always interesting and inexhaustible subject between Indians and woodrangers.

"My brother knows that the moon of the wild oats will soon begin," said the chief, "and that it is the period when the buffalo chase is most productive."

"I do," the Canadian replied.

"Will my brother hunt the buffalo?"

"I should like to do so, but unluckily I am very slightly acquainted with this country. The buffalo is an animal only found in herds, and a single man could not hunt it advantageously. My companions have left me, and I am alone, hence I shall be obliged to set traps during the coming season."

"A poor trade for a brave man," the chief remarked.

"You are right—but what can I do? No man can be expected to perform impossibilities. I regret more than I can tell you the loss of this season; but I am compelled to put up with it."

"The Comanches are the first hunters of the prairie," the chief said, with emphasis; "the tribe of the Red Buffaloe is renowned; their totem is a buffalo."

"I have heard the skill and courage of the warriors of your tribe highly spoken of, chief."

The sachem smiled proudly.

"The buffaloe are our cousins," he said; "when we hunt them they know that it is because we have need of their meat and skins, and they allow us to capture them in order to do us a service."

The Canadian gave a silent nod of assent. He was aware of the Red Skin superstition, which makes them believe that each of their tribes is descended from some animal, and he considered it unnecessary to open a discussion, which could have no satisfactory result, on the point.

The chief continued—

"Why will not my brother the Sumach hunt in company with the Red Buffaloes?"

The Canadian shook his head, although he felt great pleasure at this unexpected overture—for the Indians are very jealous of their hunting-grounds, and the greatest proof of friendship they can give a man is to make him such an offer.

"For several reasons, chief," he answered; "my ammunition is nearly exhausted, I must procure more, and the road is long to the first town where I can obtain good powder. Moreover, you seem to be travelling at this moment. Who knows whether I shall be able to find you on my return?"

"Wah, my brother is a skillful pale-face hunter; it is easy for him to follow a friend's trail."

"Yes, if it is not old, and a fresh one has not crossed it."

Running Water reflected for a moment, during which the Canadian anxiously awaited the result of his meditation.

"Let my brother listen," the sachem at last went on, "the hunt will not begin till the ninth sun from this; that is more time than he requires to fetch his powder and return."

"I grant it."

"Good! The Red Buffaloes are not travelling; they are going to a grand assembly of their nation to witness a sacrifice of prisoners."

"Ah!" the hunter said with capitally feigned surprise, "I did not know that the Comanches had made an expedition against the Apache dogs?"

"The Apaches are cowardly knaves," the chief answered; "they have buried the hatchet so deep that they would be unable to find it, and lift it against the Comanches. The prisoners are pale-faces."

While uttering these words, the sachem fixed a searching glance on the hunter, but the latter did not blench.

"That is no concern of mine, chief," he replied carelessly, "especially if the prisoners are Spaniards."

"My brother does not love the Spaniards?"

"I should think not; the chief must remember the place where he met me a short time back."

"That is true; my brother has not a deceitful tongue, he is the friend of the Red Skins."

"I think I have proved that to you."

"Good! Running Water is one of the first sachems of his nation, his word is good; let my brother go and fetch his ammunition, he will find the chief at the gathering place appointed for the tribe."

"Very good, but where is it?"

"All the hunters know it; it is the teocali of Zoltepec; will my brother come?"

"I will try, chief; but, as you know, men are subject to the will of the master of life. If I missed the appointment you so graciously make with me, you must not be angry."

"The chase will not begin before the eighth sun of the coming moon. The chief will wait for his brother the Sumach until the second sun before the hunt."

"Oh, in that case," the hunter answered, not wishing to press the point further for fear of offending the chief, "you can count on me, I have more time than I require to settle my affairs, and be punctual at the meeting."

Matters thus arranged, the conversation took another turn. The Canadian remained for nearly an hour longer at the Comanche encampment, and then took his leave; the sachem repeated his invitation, and the two men separated, after many protestations of friendship, really well satisfied with each other. Running Water was delighted at having found an opportunity to pay the debt of gratitude he had contracted with the man who saved his life. As for the hunter, he was still better pleased, for he believed that he had obtained positive information as to the spot where the two unhappy captives were and the fate reserved for them. After leaving the Comanches, the Canadian started at a gallop for the hacienda, which he reached an hour before the time he had himself considered as the probable duration of his absence. The count, and especially Don Melchior, were awaiting his return impatiently. Clary, without loss of time, informed them of what he had done, and told them in the fullest details all he had picked up from Running Water.

"Now," he said, in conclusion, "I believe we have no other alternative than to return to our old plan; it is the wisest, and only one that offers a chance of success. Moonshine, with a dozen of his comrades, will get on the trail of the Indians, and—"

"But you?" the count interrupted.

"I have contracted obligations to the chief of the Red Buffaloes, which prevent my doing anything against them."

"That is true," the count remarked.

"So," the hunter added, "remain here, Don Melchior; within two days you will have a reinforcement enabling you to attempt the deliverance of the two most unhappy ladies; by acting otherwise you will only ruin yourself and them."

"Thanks," the young man replied, in a hollow voice; and burying his head in his hands, he took no further part in the conversation. An hour later the count and the hunter mounted, and started in the direction of the Hacienda del Bario.

"The poor boy is very sad," the count remarked.

"I am afraid he will commit some folly," the hunter replied, with a shake of the head.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**H. H. H.**—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, THE DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowlf

☞ A Portland paper says that the other morning in the municipal court a witness was called up in a case of assault and battery, and when asked by the judge what he said, replied, "I sid to him wid de toe of my boot, 'Go home!'"

HUNT'S COUNT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

**Hunt's Bloom of Roses.**

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.18. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

☞ "Gentlemen," said a candidate, after having given his sentiments on the "Constitution," "these are my sentiments—the sentiments, gentlemen, of an honest man—ay, an honest politician; but, gentlemen and fellow-citizens, if they don't suit you, they ken be altered!"

**Prejudice Vanquished.**—There was a time when it was supposed that the German and French Colognes could not be equalled in this country. Good judges admit that "Burnett's Cologne Water," in the purity and durability of its odor is not surpassed by any of the Parisian or Rhenish *Eau de Cologne*.

☞ Confucius said that his only rule in regard to drinking was to drink until he was happy. There were probably no station houses when Confucius lived.

**The Great Pictorial Annual.**

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1869, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive NATIONAL CALENDAR.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking*. Send for copies to the Central Manufactory, at Pittsburg, Pa., or to the nearest dealer in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The BITTERS are sold in every city, town and village of the United States. dec5-4

☞ At the burning of the Ohio Lunatic Asylum, the inmates danced, sung, and howled like fiends, waving their hands as the flames approached them. One woman, partly naked, executed a fancy dance on the top of a piano.

**A Splendid Holiday Present.**—"*The Most Laughable Thing on Earth!*"—A game that can be played by any number of persons; is susceptible of 50,000 changes; endless transformations of wit and humor; producing roars of laughter. Just the thing for old folks and young folks, evening parties, and dull days. A sure cure for home sickness and the blues. Sent, post-paid, per return mail, on receipt of 50 cents; three for $1. Address WALL HILL VALLEY TIMES, Montgomery, Orange County, N. Y. dec5-4t

☞ The new style of pants will be small at the bottom and large at the top; thus presenting a direct contrast to the comic fashion of the other sex; which style may be considered upside down.

ESTEEMED FRIEND:—I have discovered a positive cure for Consumption and General Remedy for all disorders of the Lungs and Throat. It completely cured me and hundreds of acquaintances. I will give $1000 for a case it will not relieve; indeed so great is my faith, I will send a sample FREE to any fellow sufferer who will address yours faithfully, JAMES WYATT, S. E. cor. Broadway and Fulton st., New York. dec5-4t

☞ A little daughter of Mr. John W. Brown, of Vincentown, N. J., was attacked by a game cock recently, and picked so severely that lockjaw set in, and resulted in her death.

**Catarrh, Catarrh—Disgusting Complaint.**

Get pint bottles of WOLCOTT'S ANNIHILATOR. It will cure it. And if you have rheumatism, or any pain, get Wolcott's PAIN PAINT, in white wrappers, at all druggists. dec19-2t

☞ The new half-military style of felt hats now worn have various names, such as "the Grant hat," the "Tourist hat" and the "New York Bandit hat." They are very becoming to most of the wearers.

**The Bowen Microscope,**

*Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00.* Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass. jc27-tf

☞ Chess-playing can hardly be considered a sedentary game, seeing that its followers are invariably so intent upon "the move."

MAGNETIC Healing Institute and Conservatory of Spiritual Science, No. 17 Great Jones street, New York. All diseases, including Cancer and Consumption, cured. Consultations on all subjects. oct24-3m

☞ ARABIAN HORSES.—The Army and Navy Journal thinks it would be well if Congress or State Legislature should provide for the importation of Arab stallions, in order to gain for our present stock of horses the courage, docility, speed, wind, endurance, and eminent walking qualities for which the Oriental horse has been so long and so justly famous.

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.
*Family* and *Toilet Soaps*. The very best.
*Soap Powder*. The great labor-saving compound.
*Concentrated Potash*. The ready soapmaker.
*Saleratus*, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated*.
*Super Carb. Soda* and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.
*Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure*, and in flavor unsurpassed.
For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 66, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb12-1y

**Upham's Depilatory Powder**

Removes superfluous hair from any part of the body in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1.25.

**Upham's Asthma Cure**

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail.

**The Japanese Hair Stain**

Colors the whiskers and hair a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of *only one preparation*. 75 cts. by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free. Sold by all Druggists. oct17-13t

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS are working most wonderful cures. Glandular Swellings that have defied all other treatment, are easily softened and removed by the Ointment, while the Pills remove at once the suffocating horrors of Asthma.

### Clothing.

The subject of clothing is understood well enough, and the rules of common sense are well enough observed by men. But woman is under the guidance of a higher law than any relating to her individual safety.

"No woman that is a woman," says the late Professor Harris, "values her comfort, her health, or her life, in comparison with her personal appearance. She is impelled by a profound logic, say rather, a divine instinct. On the slender thread of her personal attractions hangs the very existence of human nature. The crinkle of a ringlet, the tie of a ribbon, has swayed the wavering choice of a half-enamored swain, and given to the world a race which would never have come to the light of day but for the pinch of the curling-tongs, or a turn of the milliner's fingers."

It is in virtue of this supreme indifference to consequences—this sublime contempt of disease and death, as compared with the loss of the smallest personal advantage—that woman has attained the power of resistance to exposure which so astonishes the male sex. Think of her thin shoes and stockings, her bare or scarcely protected neck and arms, her little rose-leaf bonnet, by the side of the woolen socks, the layers of flannel and broad-cloth, and the warm hats and caps of her effeminate companion! Our cautions are of no use, except to the fragile sex—our brothers in susceptibility and danger.

"A man will tell you he has the constitution of a horse; but the health of a horse is notoriously delicate, as Shakspeare reminds you. A woman is compared to a bird by poets and lovers. It should be to a *shoe*-bird," says the late Professor Harris.

We may learn a lesson in the matter of clothing from the trainers and jockeys. They blanket their horses carefully after exercise. We come in heated, and throw off our outside clothing. Why should not a man be cared for as well as Flora Temple or Dexter? We dress for summer, and the next thing down goes the thermometer, and we run a risk which the owner of a trotting horse would not subject his beast to for a thousand dollars. Last Sunday the thermometer was 74 degrees Fahrenheit in the morning; on Monday, at the same hour, it was fifty-six degrees. Yet when one has once worn summer clothes, it is hard to change back, and we prefer to take the chance of rheumatism, pleurisy, "congestion of the lungs," or common catarrh, which is troublesome enough without going further.—*O. W. Holmes, in the Atlantic Almanac.*

### A Useful Holiday Present.

During the coming season, when thousands of people contemplate paying each other a compliment, and when numberless articles present themselves to our view, it becomes no easy matter to make a selection. Elegant books are well, in their way, and so are articles of jewelry; while works of art are often in excellent taste, to those who appreciate them; but few things, we venture to say, are more suitable, as a general thing, for a gift, where there is a female in the family, than a sewing-machine. As a present from a husband to his wife, or from father to daughter, nothing, perhaps, could be a better token of affection; but what, we would ask, could be more appropriate, as a present, *to a needy person*, than such an article? With what thankfulness, for instance, would such an instrument be received by a poor needlewoman, as a vehicle by which she may easily gain a livelihood? The point of the gift settled, then it remains but to decide which machine to purchase and present; and, if the idea is to obtain a machine that performs, equally well, all kinds of sewing, from the heaviest material down to the finest and most delicate fabric, we have no hesitation in advising our readers to select the GROVER & BAKER. It has points of excellence possessed by none other. It makes the best stitch; its work is most durable; the operation is easily learned; and, beside all these advantages, it embroiders the most beautiful designs, with a regularity and beauty unattained by hand sewing—a quality possessed by no other machine.—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

### To Prevent Hydrophobia.

A French physician, Dr. Desmartis, of Bourdeaux, has recently submitted to the Academy of Sciences a plan for preventing hydrophobia in men and brutes by inoculation with the poison of the viper. He supports his theory that such inoculation is a perfect safeguard against hydrophobia by the record of a series of experiments upon dogs. He first caused the dogs to be bitten by vipers, and afterwards by rabid dogs, and in no case were they attacked by hydrophobia. Of course the bite of the rattlesnake or the cobra would protect the subject from all danger of hydrophobia, simply because he would survive the bite only a few hours, but Dr. Desmartis is evidently in earnest, and not guilty of playing so grim a joke upon the Academy, as a proposition to kill a patient with one poison in order to preserve him from death by another. The bite of the viper that inhabits the south of France is never fatal, though that of the species found in England is said to have occasionally been so. The inoculation proposed by Dr. Desmartis is not dangerous, and his theory is worth testing. That inoculation with snake poison should render the system proof against another kind does not seem more improbable than did Jenner's theory that vaccination would prevent the small-pox.

SIGNOR BLITZ, the genial ventriloquist, gives the following amusing account of an interview he once held with Daniel Webster. When Webster was Secretary of State, the Signor was in Washington, endeavoring to collect a bill from a man who held a lucrative position in the Treasury Department. As he was intimate with Webster, Blitz called him and asked his advice on the subject. After learning that he could not attach the salary of a government officer, the Signor said to Mr. Webster, "I think I would like to hold a government position." "Well, what would you want?" inquired Webster. "I would like to be a government magician." "Why so?" asked Webster. "Because," said the Signor, "after you carefully counted over a bundle of one hundred bank notes several times, I could count them over after you and there would be only seventy-five." "Nonsense!" said Webster, "we have men in the Treasury now who can give you twenty-five and then beat you."

☞ Beware of inquisitive persons; a wonderful curiosity to know all is generally accompanied with as great an itch to tell it again.

### Value of the Ruby.

We generally speak of the diamond as the most valuable of gems, but this is not really the case. The ruby is the most valuable, but it depends for its rarity upon its color. The ruby is the next hardest thing to the diamond. It is found principally in the East. Siam, Ava, and Ceylon afford the most plentiful supplies. In Burmah the finding of one of these jewels is made a state event; the grandees of the empire go out to meet it, with elephants and all the grandeur of Eastern state. There are many shades of red, but the hue most approved of, and commanding the highest price, is that of the "pigeon's blood." The King of Burmah, one of whose titles is that of Lord of the Rubies, has one the size of a pigeon's egg. The value of these gems goes on increasing at a much higher rate than that of the diamond. When its weight is as much as four carats, its value varies from four hundred to five hundred and fifty pounds, a sum more than double that of a diamond of the same weight.—*Cassell's Magazine for September.*

### THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. About 3000 bbls sold at $5,50@6 for superfine; $6,50@7 for extras; $7,25@8,25 for low grade and choice Northwest extra family; $8,50@10,50 for Penna and Ohio extra family, and $11@13 for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—400 bbls sold at $7,75@8 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been very little demand for Wheat. Sales comprise about 20,000 bus red at $2 @2,05 for good to prime; $1,90@1,97 for fair, and $1,80@1,85 for common; 5000 bus Southern and Western amber at $2,10@2,12; 1250 do No. 1 spring at $1,80; 1000 do No. 2 do at $1,65, and small lots of white at $2,00@2,05 ₱ bus, as to quality. Rye—5000 bus Western and Penna sold at $1,60@1,62 ½ bus. Corn—20,000 bus old sold at $1,12½@1,20 for Western mixed, and $1,18@1,20 for prime yellow; 10,000 do new yellow at 90@95c, and 6000 do new white at 90@95c, as to condition. Oats—60,000 bus sold at 77 @78c for prime Western, and 55@60c ₱ bus for light Penna and Southern.

PROVISIONS—There is rather more doing. Sales of Mess Pork at $30,50@31. Dressed Hogs sell at $10,50@11. Bacon—Sales Excelsior Hams at 18c. Green Meats are firmer; sales of Pickled Hams at 14@15c; and Shoulders at 11@11½c. Lard—Sales of 900 bbls and tcs Western at 16@17c for steam and kettle rendered. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 9½@10½c. Eggs sell at 32@40c ₱ doz.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 4@5½c ₱ lb. 4600 Hogs sold at from $12,00 to 12,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. HOSEA WARDLE to Miss RACHEL K. RICHARDSON, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. FREDERICK H. WURST to Miss SUSAN M. HERMAN, both of Germantown.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. G. A. Dorborow, ALBERT G. FISHER, Jr., to MARY R., daughter of the late Anson Steel, Esq., of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, GEORGE MURRY to MAGGIE, daughter of Thos. Nuttall, both of Frankford.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Frank L. Robbins, Dr. E. S. VANDERLICH, of New York, to Miss VIRGINIA G., daughter of W. B. Zieber, West Phila.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JOSEPH TAYLOR to Miss SARAH A. LEE, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, ELIZA, wife of David Winebrenner, in her 60th year.

On the 15th instant, WEBSTER GREENWOOD, in his 45th year.

On the 14th instant, ELIZABETH, daughter of Abner and Angelina Margeram, in her 18th year.

On the 14th instant, MARY, daughter of Edward and Catharine Clifford, in her 21st year.

On the 14th instant, FRANCIS C. ANDERSON, aged 49 years.

On the 13th instant, JAMES GLEASON, in his 26th year.

On the 12th instant, Mr. JOHN HARRAR, in his 40th year.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM L. BOONE, in his 51st year.


## ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made to clergymen. Send for a circular and price list.

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mar14-tf

THE DRESDEN MUSIC BOX is an imported article, got up on entirely new principles; playing 8 popular American tunes, in handsome polished metal case. Sent only by mail, free of expense on receipt of $1. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey. dec26-3m

## QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP.

*Queen of England Soap. Queen of England Soap*

For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world! Has all the strength of the old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the

ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS,
jy18-1y 48 North Front St., Philadelphia.

$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS.—Wanted First Class Agents Male and Female. We have nothing for curiosity seekers, but *steady* and very *profitable* employment for those who *really* mean business either *Ladies* or *Gents*. For full particulars by return mail, address enclosing a 3 cent stamp, C. L. VANALLEN & CO., 48 New St., New York City. oct3-6m

SOMETHING INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD! Send postage stamp for circular. MUNSON & CO., Robertsville, Conn.

GOLD! GOLD!—My GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head, thick and heavy, in every case in 21 days, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

$100 TO $250 PER MONTH GUARANTIED.—*Sure pay.* Salaries paid weekly to Agents everywhere selling our *Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* Call at or write for particulars to the GUARD WIRE MILLS, 201 North Third St., Philadelphia, Pa. dec26eow4t

$10 GIVEN AWAY!—Address O. R. BRIGGS & CO., corner William and Liberty Sts., N. Y., or 125 Clark St., Chicago. dec12-4t

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

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PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 75c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 75c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 75c., 80c., $1, $1 25 ₱ lb., best $1 50 ₱ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GUNPOWDER, (Green), best $1 50 ₱ lb.

**Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.**

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-houses Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Unground), 25c., 30c., best 40c. ₱ lb. GREEN (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 35c., best 35c ₱ lb.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned, at our expense, within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

CAUTION.—As some concerns, in this city and other places, imitate our name and style of advertising and doing business, it is important that our friends should be very careful to write our address in full, and also to put on the number of our Post Office Box, as appears in this advertisement. This will prevent their orders from getting into the hands of these *bogus Imitators.*

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.
POST-OFFICE BOX No. 5643 NEW YORK CITY.
oct31-tf

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*Every Watch warranted by special certificate from the American Watch Company.*

We will send these Watches by Express with bill to collect on delivery to any part of the country, *and give the purchaser the privilege to examine the Watch before paying.*

We have prepared a descriptive price list explaining the different kinds, with prices of each, which we will send to any one on application.

We invite a comparison of our prices with any others, and any Watch that does not give satisfaction may be exchanged, or the money will be refunded.

☞ *Please mention that you saw this in the Saturday Evening Post.*

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OFFER GREATER ADVANTAGES to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

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Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 20 to 70 per cent.

All the profits are divided among the Policy-holders. Dividends paid to Policy-holders this year $[illegible],000.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

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One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
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Four annual payments will continue the policy in force eight years and forty-six days.
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Six annual payments will continue the policy in force twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments will continue the policy in force thirty years and 161 days.

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Sent free on receipt of stamp.
Address Dr. N. PALMER,
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AGENTS WANTED to sell the newest, best and most reliable thing out; only thing of the kind in the world. $20.00 per week on $5 capital. Send for Circular. Address MARCUS L. BYRN, No. 80 Cedar St., New York. (P. O. Box 4,669.); dec19-4t

GENUINE FALSE MOUSTACHES that cannot be told from natural ones; on wire 50 cents; on lace 75 cents; extra fine $1; imperials 50 cents; full beard $3.50; all colors. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. dec12-3m

SUPERIOR IMITATION GOLD HUNTING WATCHES.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equalled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. We are also manufacturing Ladies' and Gents watches of extra fine and superior finish. Price $20. These are fully equal in appearance and time to gold ones costing two hundred dollars. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs.)

☞ *TO CLUBS.*—Where SIX WATCHES are ordered at one time, we will send one Extra Watch making *SEVEN WATCHES FOR NINETY DOLLARS.*

☞ CAUTION.—Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation, and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our Agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or can make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us. oct3-4m

# SHERMAN

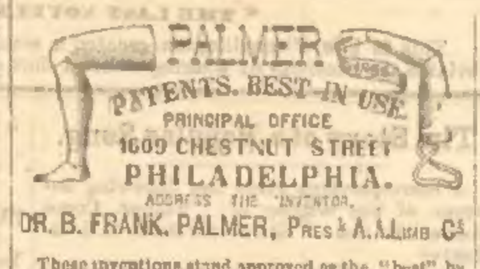
RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of interested persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 Broadway.

DR. SHERMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

DR. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Mendo Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. je12-1y



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These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF ST. H-GEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

*All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

*Pamphlets*, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y



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513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

| *For Wigs, Inches.* | *Toupees and Scalps, Inches.* |
|---|---|
| No. 1.—The round of the head. | No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald. |
| " 2.—From forehead over the head to neck. | " 2.—Over forehead as far as required. |
| " 3.—From ear to ear over the top. | " 3.—Over the crown of the head. |
| " 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead. | |

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

FOR ONE DOLLAR XL

[*Licensed by the United States Authorities.*]

GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE.

DRY and FANCY GOODS, SILKS, WOOLENS, COTTONS, CARPETINGS, BOOTS and SHOES, SILVER-PLATED WARE, WATCHES, SEWING MACHINES, CUTLERY, &c., &c.

To be sold at the average price of $1 Each.

Our commissions for clubs exceed those of other establishments, and our goods are warranted to give satisfaction. Clubs of Ten and upwards receive articles valued at from $3 to $100. New Circular and full particulars sent free. N. B. CLOUDMAN & CO., 40 Hanover St., Boston, Mass. nov28-2m

20,000 SOLD. THE MAGNETIC POCKET TIME-KEEPER AND COMPASS, in a handsome case, with glass crystal, white enameled dial, steel and metal works, ordinary watch size, sound and serviceable, warranted to denote correct time, and keep in order two years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent, post-paid, for $1, or 3 for $2. Agents Wanted. Circulars free. WALTER HOLT & CO., dec 5-4t 102 Nassau Street, New York city.

YOUR DESTINY! WHAT IS IT?—An experienced clairvoyant will, on receipt of 50 cents and stamped envelope, send a written destiny. News of absent friends, marriage, likeness, fortune, &c., given while in a state of trance. None have written who were not surprised at the truthful predictions. Address, with lock of hair, Miss KATE MARKOE, Station D., New York. oct3-3m

$60 PER MONTH and large commissions paid to sell *Wonder of the World* and three other discoveries. Address J. C. TILTON, Pittsburg, Pa. dec19-4t

AGENTS WANTED.—"Magic Drawing Sheets." Price 10 cents. Three for 25 cents. Address A. BARBER & BRO., Port Byron, Ills. sep26-6m

BELCHER, JAMES & CO.'S

Great One Dollar Sale.

THE MOST LIBERAL CONCERN OF THE KIND IN THE COUNTRY.

☞ *The smallest article on our checks can be exchanged at any time for a splendid large Concertina, or a five-bottle revolving silver plated Castor, or twenty-four French Stereoscopic Views.*

We have on hand over a million dollars' worth of goods. The largest and most valuable stock of Linens, Woolens, Cottons, Flannels, Dress Goods, Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Cutlery, Meerschaum Pipes, &c., &c., of ANY DOLLAR SALE HOUSE IN AMERICA. We import our own goods, and can sell in large or small quantities at importer's prices. *This never has been done before*, and is causing a complete panic among wholesalers and retailers, wherever our goods are sent. If you wish to buy goods cheap, *Now is the time!* WE ARE BOUND TO SELL! Everything sold at the uniform rate of **One Dollar Each.** Those getting up clubs for other firms will do well to stop where they are, and *send for our Circular.* Our inducements are double those of any other concern.

AGENTS, LOOK HERE!

*For a Club of Thirty and $3*, we send one of the following articles, FREE OF CHARGE:—40 yards of heavy brown or bleached yard wide Sheeting; 1 Double Lens French Stereoscope, with 24 rich foreign views; 1 Ladies' real Morocco Travelling Bag; 20 pairs Ladies' fine Merino Stockings; 1 genuine Meerschaum Pipe, amber mouthpiece, in splendid case; 1 Violin and Bow, in box, complete; All-Wool Cassimere, for pants; 1 pair Ladies' extra quality Cloth Boots; 1 doz. fine Linen Towels; 1 Steel Carving Knife and Fork, with ivory balanced handle, very best quality; Gents' heavy chased solid Gold Ring; elegant Delaine Dress Pattern; 1 doz. heavy silver plated white metal Dessert Forks; 1 doz. Rogers Bros. best heavy plated white metal Tea Spoons; 6 Engraved S. P. Napkin Rings; 1 rich 20-keyed metal bound Concertina, retails for $10.

*For a Club of Fifty and $5*, one of the following articles:—1 Web of heavy brown or bleached yard wide Sheeting; 1 black or colored Alpaca Dress Pattern; 1 pair All-Wool Blankets; Engraved silver plated 6 bottle Revolving Castor; 1 set ivory balanced Knives, with silver plated white metal Forks; 1 pair Gents' Calf Boots; 25 yards good Print; 4 yards double width Water-Proof, for Cloaking; 1 Square Wool Shawl; three and a half yards very fine Cassimere, for pants and vest; beautiful Poplin Dress Pattern; 100-Picture Turkey Morocco Photograph Album.

*For a Club of One Hundred and $10*, presents varying in value from $15 to $25.

*For a Club of Five Hundred and $50*, presents from $80 to $100. Larger Clubs increased in the same ratio. Premiums sent with goods.

Circulars free to any address. Send all money by registered letter or money order. Address

BELCHER, JAMES & CO.,
dec12-4t 7 and 9 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

LICENSED WHOLESALE DEALERS

BY THE

UNITED STATES.

EASTMAN & KENDALL'S

ONE-PRICE SALE.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

It is now a well established fact that no other method brings the MANUFACTURER and CONSUMER so NEAR EACH OTHER as our unrivalled and popular club system of selling all kinds of

DRY AND FANCY GOODS, COTTONS CUTLERY, DOMESTIC GOODS, &c., &c.,

which we are selling at an average price of **One Dollar for each article.**

*The smallest article on our check can be exchanged for a White Bed Quilt, or a revolving Silver-plated Table Castor.*

Christmas and New Years is the time to send in your clubs.

THE LADIES

are specially invited to send us a trial club.

To parties sending in clubs of from 10 to 1000, we offer better inducements and larger commissions than any other house. Parties now acting as agents for other houses will observe that we offer as commission for a

**Club of 30**—21 yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
**Club of 60**—42 yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
**Club of 100**—63 yards *best* Cotton Sheeting,

and an equal amount of commission when paid in other goods.

Send for our new Circular and Mammoth Exchange List before sending your club to any other house.

Our club system of selling is as follows: For $2 we send 20 checks describing 20 different articles to be sold for a dollar each. 30 for $3; 60 for $6; 100 for $10, &c. Sent by mail. Male and female agents wanted. **Send money in Registered Letters.** Send us a trial club and you will acknowledge that you cannot afford to buy goods of any other house thereafter.

N. B. Our sale should not be classed with dollar jewelry sales and gift enterprises.

EASTMAN & KENDALL,
65 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.
oct17-3m

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 50 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. my2-3t

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. nov21-3m

## WIT AND HUMOR.

### GRECIAN BENDERS.

She stepped upon the platform—
  Her grace I can't forget—
For oh! that Grecian bend of hers
  Clings to my memory yet.
Her smile was like the sunbeam;
  Her bonnet "some," you bet;
But that lovely Grecian bend of hers
  Was the "heaviest" bend I met.
Her waterfall was gorgeous,
  And all who saw contend
That her grace was never equalled
  By the Saratoga bend.
But, alas! for the maiden's beauty,
  Dust will return to dust,
And the most enchanting bender
  Is doomed to moth and rust.
In stooping to assume her seat,
  (I hate to tell, but must,)
Some whalebone thing that stayed her up
  Bent double—and then "bust!"
She softly sighed, and sweetly smiled,
  And then in accents tender,
As she rubbed her back, she gently said:
  "Thank Heaven, I'm off my bender!"

### Breeches Without a Body.

Brooks is an office boy, and is quite a character. He is about sixteen years old, and five feet ten inches in height, and proportionably narrow. A more brief and very graphic description of his physical build is expressed by him when speaking of himself. He says, "very little Brooks—principally legs."

Brooks needed a renewal of that useful article of raiment known to him as "trowsis," wherewith to protect the before-mentioned legs from the inclemency of the weather and the vulgar gaze.

Brooks applied to a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, who published to the world the fact that he manufactured raiment of every description. By "particular request" the tailor measured Brooks for the required article of clothing, insuring at the same time, "a dead fit." Our friend of the shears being of an inquiring turn of mind—though we suspect some irony in his remark—thought to question his customer, as he inquired, addressing Brooks:

"Dosh my fine shentlemen vish anybody to his pantaloons?"

Brooks answered—

"Of course I want a body to them. Who ever heard of breeches without a body?"

"Vel den," said the Jew, "if such is the case, den you mush tie dem round your neck; for help me Moses, I never saw such long legs before!"

### Student's Sell.

This little incident is said to have occurred at Princeton, and nowhere else:

"A member of the Freshman Class asked one whom he thought to be better posted than himself, where the students had their washing done. His friend quietly pointed him to a house which one of the most portly and dignified of the Faculty occupies as his residence, and the Freshman forthwith repaired thither with his soiled linen snugly stowed in his valise. He knocked at the door, and the professor answered in person, when the student, quite as a matter of course, handed up his valise, remarking that there were some clothes which he wanted washed. Drawing himself up to his full height, the astonished professor could only exclaim—'Young man, you have been most e-gre-gi-ous-ly imposed upon!' and feeling that language could not do justice to the subject, he could only distend his cheeks until the breath confined within them found escape between his lips in a blast which sent the bewildered Freshman precipitately to his quarters."

### A "Critter" Company.

A woman who resides in East Tennessee, and on whose farm occurred a conflict between Burnside's army and the forces under Longstreet, is proud of the fact that she was a witness of the fight. No greater compliment can be paid her than the request that she will relate her version of the battle. Being unacquainted with such high-sounding words as "cavalry" and "infantry," she substitutes more homely terms for them.

"I was sittin' all alone on my back piaz," —this is the way she tells the story—"when right onto my cabbage field I seed a *critter* company." (A regiment of cavalry.) "Purty soon the critter company espied a whole lot of *walk* soldiers (infantry,) and the way the critter company made the walk soldiers skeddadle by drivin' their crittern right through them, was a sight that I shall never forget."

PLEASURES OF MATRIMONY.—*By a Wife.*—I was married for my money—that was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory. I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the thermometer at 75 degrees, which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home instead of at school, which I hate. I like music, and wish to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate; and I like minced veal, which he hates. There is but one thing we both like, and that is what we cannot both have, though we are always trying for it—the last word.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.—A young member of the bar thought he would adopt a motto for himself, and after much reflection, wrote in large letters, and posted up against the wall the following: "*Suum Cuique*," which may be translated, "Let every man have his own." A country client coming, expressed himself much gratified with the maxim, but added—

"You don't spell it right."

"Indeed! then how ought it to be spelt?"

The visitor replied,

"Sue 'em quick."

☞ A young Cincinnati dentist was introduced to a fashionable beauty the other evening, and gracefully opened the conversation by saying—"Miss ——, I hope I may consider that we are not entirely unacquainted. I had the pleasure of pulling a tooth for your father only a short time ago."

☞ An Irish footman, who got a situation at the west end of London, on entering a room where there was a vase with golden fish, exclaimed, "Well, this is the first time I ever saw red herrings alive!"

THE LAST NOVELTY IN SCARFS.

This is how Fitzwellington created a sensation with his new style of scarf—which obviates the necessity of wearing either a shirt or a vest.

## The Story of a Popular Song.

A correspondent gives the following account of the singing of "Father, Come Home," in one of the music halls in London:—

Having reached the hall, we paid an admission fee of sixpence. There was a very neat stage, with gaudy drop scene, side wings, and a tolerable good orchestra. In the stalls sat the chairman, to keep order over as motley an audience as ever was seen out of the gallery of the Victoria Theatre. "Costers" seemed to predominate. All appeared plentifully supplied with porter, and all were enjoying their pipes to such an extent as to make the place almost suffocating, for there must have been an audience of nearly five hundred. A nigger "walk around" was just being finished, and the shouts of "encore," whistling and stamping of feet made the hall perfectly bewildering. A name was announced from the chairman, which we could not catch, and amidst clapping of hands and stamping of feet there was a buzz of "This is the song!" The waiter called loudly, "Any more orders?" and these being taken and duly executed, all seemed to settle down quietly to listen to the song. There was the symphony, and another buzz of "This is it!" and we began to feel anxious. Presently a female came in front of the curtain, amidst great applause, and commenced "Father, dear father," &c. Every word was distinct, and she sang the ballad with great feeling. In order, however, to fully describe the scene which followed each verse, it is necessary to give "little Mary's" song:—

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes One!
(gong.)
You promised, dear father, that you would come home
As soon as your day's work was done.
Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark,
And mother's been watching since ten,
With poor little Benny so sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.
Come home, come home, come home,
Please father, dear father, come home."

At the conclusion of the last line the drop scene drew up, disclosing the father sitting at the door of a public house, in a drunken, bemuddled state, with a pipe and pot before him. Little Mary was trying to drag him from his seat, at the same time pointing to a curtain behind, as she took up the refrain from the lady, and touchingly sang, "Come home," &c. This other curtain was now drawn aside, disclosing a wretched room in which was the mother with the poor, sickly-looking boy in her lap, and in the act of feeding him with a spoon. Simultaneously with the drawing of the curtain, the lime light was brought to bear upon the tableaux, giving them a truly startling effect. After a moment or two the act drop came down, and the lady proceeded:

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes Two!
(gong, gong.)
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse,
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse, mother says he will die,
Perhaps before morning shall dawn,
And this was the message she sent me to bring—
Come quickly, or he will be gone.
Come home, come home, come home,
Please father, dear father, come home."

The act drop rises again, and now the child has hold of the pewter pot, trying to take it from the drunken parent, and, as she continues the last two lines, "Come home," &c., the other curtain is drawn aside, and we next see the child stretched out on its mother's lap, and as it just raises its little head and falls back with a gasp, with the lime light reflecting strongly upon it, there was a reality about the whole terrible to view. Sobs were heard coming from all parts of the hall, coming from the female portion of the audience, while tears trickled down many a male cheek. We have seen "Susan Hopley," "The Stranger," "Jane Shore," "East Lynne," and other effective pieces played, but never before did we witness such a scene of general crying. The principal feature called to mind the picture of the "Sister of Mercy," with the dying child in her lap, and the death was fearfully natural. Even the lady who sang the song was affected, and could scarcely proceed with the third verse:

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes Three!
(gong, gong, gong.)
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long,
For poor weeping mother and me.
Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead,
And gone with the angels of light,
And these are the very last words that he said—
'I want to kiss papa good-night!'
Come home, come home, come home,
Please father, dear father, come home."

Again the drop rose, disclosing little Mary on her knees appealing to her father, who, with the pot elevated, is in the act of striking her with it, as she sings "Come home," and then the back curtain draws aside, showing the mother praying over a child's coffin. But now the sobs burst still more freely, and two females were carried out fainting. The scene was truly harrowing, and we gladly turned our eyes away.

An additional verse was sung about "Poor Benny" being with the angels above. The drop rose; the father, sober now, is weeping over the coffin with the mother, and little Mary on her knees singing, "Home, home, father, dear father's come home." At this moment the curtain is drawn aside, and little Benny is suspended over the coffin with wings, smiling down upon them and pointing upwards. The father falls forward on his face, the act drop descends, and for a few minutes all is hushed save the sobs of the females.

"There," said a workingman by our side, as he heaved a sigh of relief, "Mr. Spurgeon never preached a better sermon than that," an expression to which we assented, and then left the hall.

### Ruminating Animals.

The great majority of ruminating animals gather their food rapidly, give it a few cuts with the teeth, and swallow it. It goes to an interior receptacle, where it is moistened; this is very essential, if it be dry hay. When the animal has filled his stomach, he masticates the food thus stowed away in his stomach, raising it cud by cud. When a portion is completely masticated, it passes to another receptacle, and the progress of digestion goes on. Thus, an ox, if left to himself, will raise and masticate all his food thus stowed away in his stomach. If he be pushed, and worked hard, and does not have time to masticate, he falls off in flesh, his health is poor, his digestion incomplete. The horse, on the contrary, however much in a hurry he may be, must masticate each mouthful before he swallows it. A hungry ox let into a meadow will fill himself in twenty minutes, while a horse would want an hour and twenty minutes to take the same amount of grass. The ox, deer, sheep, goat, chamois, and rabbit, being the natural prey of ferocious beasts, are endowed with the extra stomach in which hastily to stow away the food without mastication. This may, perhaps, be regarded as a wise provision of nature, enabling them to sally forth where the food is plentiful, and in a short time fill themselves, and retire to a place of safety to ruminate their food at their leisure.

### The Wonders of a Watch.

There are very few of the many who carry watches who ever think of the complexity of its delicate mechanism, or of the extraordinary and unceasing labor it performs, and how astonishingly well it bears up and does its duty under what would be considered very shabby treatment in almost any other machinery. There are many who think a watch ought to run and keep good time for years without even a drop of oil, who would not think of running a common piece of machinery a day without oiling, the wheels of which do but a fraction of the service. We were forcibly struck with this thought the other day, upon hearing a person remark that, by way of gratifying his curiosity, he had made a calculation of the revolutions which the wheels in a watch make in a day and a year. The result of this calculation is as suggestive as it is interesting. For example: the main wheel makes 4 revolutions in 24 hours, or 1,460 in a year; the second, or centre wheel, 24 revolutions in 24 hours, or 8,760 in a year; the third wheel, 192 in 24 hours, or 69,080 in a year; the fourth wheel (which carries the second hand), 1,440 in 24 hours, or 525,600 in a year; fifth, or scape-wheel, 12,964 in 24 hours, or 4,728,400 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations made in 24 hours are 388,800, or 141,812,000 in a year.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Stick to One Thing.

There are many farmers who do not stick to one thing long enough to make it pay, and consequently they lose in everything. At one time they conclude to devote themselves to stock raising. Before they get fairly under good headway in this, they change their minds, and go back to raising grain. Some again make a speciality, for a time, of a certain crop—wheat, corn, or potatoes, for instance. While they are following this specialty, the crops may be small and the prices low, and they turn to another just in time to miss large crops and good prices in what they have left.

The best farmers we have observed are those who first find out what their soil is best adapted to produce. They then turn their energies in that direction and go straight forward in that line. A poor crop does not discourage them. They keep on, and are sure to be finally successful.

To illustrate our idea:—We once knew a farmer who always made it a point to fatten from twenty-five to thirty hogs every year. Let the price of pork be high or low, he every year had his lot of hogs of about the usual number. He took great pride in having the best in the neighborhood. Some years, perhaps, he might have done better by selling his corn instead of feeding it. Some years, perhaps, he might have done better by turning his whole attention to some other specialty in farming. But we always noticed this, that, taking one year with another for a long time, say ten years, he made the hogs *pay*. He was a successful farmer.

Another farmer near by, every year planted potatoes. Sometimes his crop would fail, and sometimes when he had a good crop the price would be low. But he kept straight forward. Every Spring he planted potatoes. The result in that case was the same as that in the other. Taking one year with another for a considerable number of years, he made the potato crop *pay*. He, too, was a successful farmer.

The farmer who would make his business pay, must have a policy, and must adhere to it.—*American Farmers' Magazine.*

### Agricultural Items.

—The *morus multicaulis fever* has begun to rage in California. Some of our oldest citizens will remember the virulence with which it attacked many in the older states some thirty or more years ago.

—The greatest grain-growing state in the southwest will be, in five years, say its farmers, Mississippi. They are nearly all determined to abandon cotton planting.

—All wrinkled peas, says an exchange, are more delicate than those that are full and perfect in form; like sugar corn, the saccharine matter contained in them causes them to shrivel when dried.

—The latest fancy potato story is told of a man in Hubbardton, Vt., who bought one eye of a "No. 4" potato for $30, and raised from it this season potatoes that he had sold for $750, and has three left. Eight were bought by one man for $400.

—It is well known by butter makers that the cream which first rises on milk makes nicer butter than that which rises after standing a long time. *It is said that the* milk that makes the butter that Queen Victoria eats is skimmed twice, and twelve hours afterwards it is churned.

—A farmer who had been in the habit of selling his hay for many years in succession, being asked how he kept up his crop without manuring or cultivating his land, replied, "I never allow the aftermath to be cut."

—Not one of the sixteen varieties of horses found in the geological deposits of this continent was in existence when the white man came to settle here.

—A company in Buenos Ayres propose to carry living cattle and sheep to Europe at the rate of 5,000 of each, monthly. They will employ five large steamers, distil water for use on the way and feed with steamed food.

### The Potato Mania.

The New York Sun says: "We have had tulip mania, morus multicaulis mania, but who ever heard of a potato mania?" We supposed that everybody except very young folks remembered the Rohan potato mania, to which the present disease is very similar. It says, "Last Spring the Early Rose Potato sold readily in New York at $3 per pound or $120 per bushel; but this is nothing in comparison to the price at which a new competitor for potato fame is now being sold to some of our speculators in this esculent. Here are the prices of a few *bona fide* sales in the past week, and we assure our readers that there was no discount for cash or cow in this transaction; sixteen potatoes brought $825; twelve potatoes brought $615; one potato brought $50; one was traded for a good cow valued at $60.

## RECEIPTS.

HAM TOAST.—Melt a small piece of butter in a stewpan until it is slightly browned; beat up one egg and add it to it; put in as much finely-minced ham as would cover a round of buttered toast, adding as much gravy as will make it moist when quite hot. When all the ingredients are in, stir them quickly with a fork; pour on to the buttered toast, which cut in pieces afterwards any shape you please. Serve hot.

PREMIUM BACON.—Mrs. Betsey Lenoir's Method of curing bacon sides:—Salt well with good salt, with three spoonfuls of pounded red pepper, to half a bushel of salt. After lying in salt five or six weeks, hang up and smoke well with green hickory wood. Keep them hanging in a tall, close smoke-house till used.

Mrs. Betsey Lenoir's method of curing bacon hams:—Salt well with good salt, containing three spoonfuls of pounded red pepper, to a half bushel of salt; put about three spoonfuls of molasses or sugar on the flesh part of the ham. After laying in salt five or six weeks, hang and smoke well with green hickory wood. When well smoked and dried, put each ham in a sack; whitewash the sack with lime and water; and hang them again till wanted.

BAKED EGGS.—Butter a shallow dish well, break enough eggs in to cover the bottom. Sprinkle a little salt and pepper on them, and bake in a quick oven until the whites are done. *Serve hot.*

CHOCOLATE CARAMEL.—Two coffee cups of brown sugar, one coffee cup of molasses, half a coffee cup of milk, half a pound of Baker's chocolate, piece of butter size of an egg, a little salt. Boil twenty minutes, stirring continually. Pour into buttered pans to cool.

## THE RIDDLER.

### Enigma.

I am composed of 44 letters.
My 1, 40, 6, 33, was a kingdom.
My 2, 4, 17, 27, 12, 16, was a king.
My 3, 43, 10, 3, 23, was a conspirator.
My 4, 17, 39, 20, 43, 27, was a country.
My 5, 32, 24, was a prince.
My 6, 5, 43, 27, was a philosopher.
My 7, 20, 38, 33, 5, 3, was a king.
My 8, 17, 30, 43, was lovely.
My 9, 33, 12, 16, 28, 16, was a Roman prince.
My 10, 14, 19, 5, 27, was a country.
My 11, 19, 5, 41, 24, was mighty.
My 12, 39, 44, 27, 16, 17, 27, was a great warrior.
My 13, 1, 40, 20, 26, 16, was an emperor.
My 14, 21, 3, 19, 5, 27, was a country.
My 15, 27, 5, 43, is ancient.
My 16, 7, 19, 34, 5, 27, was a city.
My 17, 8, 5, 27, 16, 43, was a princess.
My 18, 17, 29, 17, 7, 27, was a prince.
My 19, 4, 17, 43, was worshipped.
My 20, 12, 29, 36, was a goddess.
My 21, 27, 19, 1, was a mountain.
My 22, 40, 11, 2, 28, was worshipped.
My 23, 6, 30, 17, 2, 43, was a philosopher's birthplace.
My 24, 5, 29, 12, 16, was a king.
My 25, 17, 29, 27, 17, 2, 5, 3, was a foe to Rome.
My 26, 2, 43, 24, 5, 15, was one of many sisters.
My 27, 12, 16, 7, was a city.
My 28, 2, 13, 41, 16, was a kingdom.
My 29, 17, 27, 16, 12, 27, was a giant.
My 30, 43, 2, 9, 23, 29, 12, 27, was a king.
My 31, 44, 9, 5, 23, was a kingdom.
My 32, 2, 11, 34, 17, 27, warred with the Romans.
My 33, 17, 25, 12, 8, 20, 16, was a Roman commander.
My 34, 17, 3, 41, 27, was an island.
My 35, 10, 41, 1, 3, 17, 2, was warlike.
My 36, 28, 3, 5, 12, 27, was a Roman chief.
My 37, 11, 2, 30, 5, 26, 16, was a king.
My 38, 2, 6, 43, 3, 17, 27, was a governor.
My 39, 17, 33, 29, 7, was in Greece.
My 40, 38, 3, 11, 24, 5, 23, was a country.
My 41, 6, 20, 17, 12, 27, was part of a king's name.
My 42 is a letter.
My 43, 31, 3, 5, 10, 17, 27, was poisoned.
My 44 is a letter.

My whole was a powerful Scottish nobleman. W. C. DEY.

### Enigma for the Boys and Girls.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 7, 17, 2, 11, 15, 23, was a king of Ethiopia.
My 2, 20, 6, 9, is a brave man.
My 3, 22, 18, 4, 12, is a country in Europe.
My 4, 12, 16, 20, is a musical instrument.
My 5, 3, 14, 21, 7, was a sea nymph.
My 6, 18, 19, 11, is seldom.
My 7, 15, 6, 9, 17, 20, is a country.
My 8, 3, 4, 11, is a remarkable river.
My 9, 21, 22, 18, 6, 3, 14, is a large lake.
My 10, 3, 6, 1, 2, is what lazy scholars need.
My 13, 9, 15, 19, is a pronoun.
My 23, 7, 10, 17, 11, 8, 22, is a reptile.

My whole is a scriptural command to children. WM. H. MORROW.
*Irwin Station, Pa.*

### Probability Problem.

A party of 23 persons take their seats at a round table. What is the probability that A and B will sit next to each other?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
*Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Problem.

Divide the number 165 into five such parts that the first increased by one, the second increased by two, the third diminished by three, the fourth multiplied by four, and the fifth divided by five, may all be equal.

W. H. MORROW.
*Irwin Station, Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Conundrums.

☞ Why is the hottest country the best? Ans.—Because it bears the palm.

☞ What is better for being in many pieces? Ans.—A brass band.

☞ What is the principal difference between the swallow and the cat? Ans.—It is an admitted fact that "one swallow does not make a summer," but any cat can make a spring.

☞ What is the difference between a civilized diner and a person who subsists at the North Pole? Ans.—One has his bill of fare, and the other has his fill of bear.

### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—William Clayton Hardy. RIDDLE—St. Lawrence.

"CORNED BEEF."—The pickle should be made as follows: To six gallons of water add nine pounds of pure salt, three pounds of brown sugar, one quart of molasses, three ounces of saltpetre, and one ounce of pearlash. Let these ingredients be boiled and carefully skimmed as long as impurities from the sugar and salt continues to rise to the surface.

"Knickerbocker pickle, just what everybody knew before," you say. But wait a moment, and see if we don't tell you something you did not know before. When the water is ready to receive the rest of the material, pour in the saltpetre *only*, and when dissolved and the water boiling, dip your beef, piece by piece, into the boiling saltpetre water, holding it for a few seconds only in the hot bath. When the beef has all been thus immersed, and becomes quite cool, pack it in the cask where it is to remain. Then proceed with your pickle as at first directed and when perfectly cold, pour it upon the meat, which should be kept down by a cover and stone.

The immersing of the beef in hot saltpetre water contracts the surface by closing the pores, and prevents the juices of the meat from going out into the pickle. The saltpetre absorbed by the contracted or cooked surfaces will modify the salt that passes through it, the whole producing the most perfect result.

Beef cured in this manner will preserve its color, and cut almost as juicy and inviting as a fresh roast. It is as unlike the hard, blue, briny, knotted substance sold at markets, and frequently cured at home, miscalled "corned beef," as a sirloin differs from a steak cut three inches back of the horns, and sold for porter-house. Try it and see.—*N. E. Farmer.*